

THE
Eclectic Review.

AUGUST, 1851.

ART. I.—*Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century: in Six Lectures; delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association.* By Δ (Dr. M. Moir.) Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

THE name, or rather mark of Δ, is a magic mark throughout the entire kingdom of British literature. The gentleman who chooses thus to subscribe himself, is favourably known as a poet, as a writer on medical literature, as the author of a very successful Scotch novel ycleped 'Mansie Wauch,' as one of the principal contributors and conductors of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and as a most amiable and accomplished private person. Nor are we sure, if, all things considered, any man, whether in England or Scotland, could have been singled out, who was likely to manage the difficult and complicated subject of these lectures in a *safer*, a more candid, and less exceptionable style, than Dr. Moir—especially before an audience, so constituted that one half came probably with the notion (however ludicrous this presumption may seem to all others), that any one of themselves might have treated the subject better than he!

But, apart altogether from the composition of his audience—peculiar and unique, we believe, in the world—Delta has nobly effected his purpose. That was to express honestly and in simple language, without shrinking, and without show, his *own* views and feelings as to our last half-century's poetical literature. And it is fortunate for us, and all his readers, that these are the views of no narrow sectarian, or soured bigot, or self-

conceited and solemn twaddler—but of an enlightened, wide-minded, and warm hearted man, whose very errors and mistakes are worthy of respectful treatment, and all of whose opinions are uttered from the sincerity of an honest heart, and in the eloquent and dignified language of a poet.

We do not coincide with the notion of a gifted friend writing in our May number, who speaks of painting and poetry as more divine than nature. Surely this is to confound the *direct* and *indirect* emanations from God. The landscape is more immediately from God than the picture. The one may be called the child, while the other is only the grand-child of the Infinite Mind. It will never do to compare a canvass-ocean to the tremendous element itself, or a patch of chalk representing the sun to the resplendent luminary. A painter's or poet's powers are traceable to his own mind, which is finite; but the meanest flower that blows is the result of forces coming out of the Infinite and the Eternal, and is dipped in the colours of heaven. In one word, man is not God, art is not nature, and genius is not inspiration.

But, while this must be maintained, far from us be any desire to derogate from the position, or to shade the glories, of genuine poetry. Had we a thousand pens, each should run on, like that of 'a ready writer,' in its praise. Assuredly, among the many sweets which God has infused into the cup of being, among the many solaces of this life, the many relics of the primeval past, the many foretastes of the glorious future, there are few more delicious than the influences of poetry. It transports us from the dust and discord of the present troubled sphere into its own fair world. It 'lays us,' as Hazlitt beautifully says, 'in the lap of a lovelier nature by stiller streams, and fairer meadows;' it invigorates the intellect by the elevated truth which is its substance; it enriches the imagination by the beauty of its pictures; it enlarges the mental view by the width and grandeur of its references; it inflames the affections by the touch ethereal of its fiery rod; it purifies the morals by the powers of pity and terror; and, when concentrated and hallowed, it becomes the most beautiful handmaid in the train of faith, and may be seen with graceful attitude sprinkling the waters of Castalia on the roses in the garden of God. The pleasures which poetry gives are as pure as they are exquisite. Like the manna of old, they seem to descend from a loftier climate—not of the earth earthy, but of celestial birth, they point back to heaven as their future and final home. They bear every reflection, and they awaken no reaction. A night with the Muses never produces a morning with the Fiends. The world into which poetry introduces is always the same. The 'Sun of

Homer shines upon us still.' The meadows of genius are for ever fresh and green. The skies of imagination continually smile. The actual world changes—the ideal is always one and the same—Achilles is always strong—Helen is always fair—Mount Ida continually cleaves the clouds—Scamander rushes ever by—the Eve of Milton still stands ankle-deep in the flowers of her garden—and the horn of Fitzjames winds in the gorge of the Trosachs for evermore. And when we remember that above the storms and surges of this tempestuous world, there rises in the pages of the poet a fairy realm, which he who reads may reach, and straightway forget his sorrow, and remember his poverty no more, we see the debt of gratitude we owe to Poetry, and, looking at the perennial peace and loveliness which surround her wherever she goes, we feel entitled to apply to her the beautiful lines originally addressed to the bird of spring—

' Sweet bird, thy bower is ever fair,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.'

But what is poetry? Many definitions have been attempted, and, perhaps, none is quite successful. It is, says Aristotle, 'imitation.' It is, says Johnson, 'the art of pleasing.' It is, says Elliott, 'impassioned truth.' Were we asked the question, we should reply (not as a definition, but a description), it is love, pure, refined, insatiable affection, for the beautiful forms of this material universe, for the beautiful affections of the human soul, for the beautiful passages of the history of the past, for the beautiful prospects which expand before us in the future—such love burning to passion, attired in imagery and speaking in music, is the essence and the soul of poetry. It is this which makes personification the life of poetry. The poet looks upon nature, not with the philosopher, as composed of certain abstractions, certain 'cold material laws ;' but he breathes upon them, and they quicken into personal life, and become objects as it were of personal attachment. The winds with him are not cold currents of air, they are messengers, they are couriers—the messengers of destiny, the couriers of God ; the rainbow is not a mere prismatic effect of light ; but to the poet, in the language of the Son of Sirach, 'it encompasseth the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.' The lightning is not simply an electric discharge, it is a barbed arrow of vengeance, it is winged with death ; the thunder is not so much an elemental uproar, as it is the voice of God ; the stars are not so much distant worlds, as they are eyes looking down on men with intelligence, sympathy, and love ; the ocean is not

a dead mass of waters, it is a 'glorious mirror to the Almighty's form;' the sky is not to the poet a 'foul and pestilent congregation of vapours,' it is a magnificent canopy 'fretted with golden fire,' nay, to his anointed eye every blade of grass lives, every flower has its sentiment, every tree its moral, and—

'Visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Hang in each leaf, and cling to every bough.'

This perpetual personification springs from that principle of love which teaches the poet not only to regard all men as his brethren, the whole earth as his home, but to throw his own excess of soul into dumb, deaf, and dead things, and to find even in them subjects of his sympathy and candidates for his regard. It was in this spirit that Sterne said, that were he in a desert he would love some cypress. It was in this spirit that poor Burns did not disdain to address the mouse running from his ploughshare as his 'fellow-mortal,' and bespeak even the ill-fated daisy, which the same ploughshare destroyed—say rather transplanted into the garden of never-dying song:—

'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
And I maun crush below the stoure
Thy feeble stem;
To spare thee noo is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The blythesome lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
While upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling East.'

Nor, so long as love and the personifying principle springing from it exist, are we afraid for the decline or fall of poetry. Dr. Moir, we humbly conceive, has a morbid and needless horror at the progress of science; he speaks with a sort of timid hope of 'poetry ultimately recovering from the staggering blows which science has inflicted in the shape of steam-conveyance, of electro-magnetism, of geological exposition, of political economy, of statistics,—in fact, by a series of disenchantments, original genius, in due time, must from new elements frame new combinations, and these may be at least what the kaleidoscope is to the rainbow, or an explosion of hydrogen in the gasometer to a flash of lightning on the hills. But this alters not my position—that all facts are prose until coloured by imagination or passion. From physic we have swept away alchemy, incantation, and cure

by the royal touch; from divinity, exorcism and *purgatory* [were any Catholics present?] and excommunication; and from law, the trial by wager of battle, the ordeal by touch, and the mysterious confessions of witchcraft. In the foamy seas we can never more expect to see Proteus leading out his flocks; nor, in the dimpling stream another Narcissus admiring his own fair face; nor Diana again descending on Latmos to Endymion. We cannot hope another Una "making a sunshine in the shady place;" nor another Macbeth meeting with other witches on the blasted heath; nor another Faust wandering amid the mysterious sights and sounds of another May-day night. Robin Hoods and Rob Roys are incompatible with sheriffs and the county police; rocks are stratified by geologists exactly as satins are measured by mercers; and Echo, no longer a vagrant classical nymph, is compelled quietly to succumb to the laws of acoustics.'

He says again, 'Exactness of knowledge is a barrier to the laying on of that colouring by which alone facts can be invested with the illusive lines of poetry.' And again, he defines 'poetry the imaginative and limitless, and science the definite and true,' and says, 'Poetry has ever found "the haunt and the main region of her song" either in the grace and beauty which cannot be analyzed, or in the sublime of the indefinite. Newton with his dissection of the rainbow, Anson with his circumnavigation of the earth, and Franklin with his lightning-kite, were all disenchanters. Angels no longer alight on the iris; Milton's "sea-covered sea—sea without shore"—is a geographical untruth; and in the thunder men no more hear the voice of the Deity.'

Thus far Delta,—and very beautiful and ingenious these illustrations are. But first, many of the things he mentions, although banished from the province of belief, are not thereby banished from that of poetry, or of that quasi-belief which good poetry produces. Milton, nor Milton's age, believed in the Heathen Mythology; and yet how beautifully has he made it subserve poetical purposes. Scott had no faith in ghosts or witchcraft, or the second sight, and yet he has turned them to noble imaginative account; and when he speaks of the second sight as being now 'abandoned to the purposes of poetry,' he truly describes a common process, the fact of which is fatal to Delta's theory,—a process through which sublime and beautiful illusions of all kinds, cast out of man's understanding, take refuge in his imagination, and become a rich stock of materials for the poet. Godwin, too, did not believe in alchemy, and yet he has founded a magnificent prose poem upon an alchemist's imaginary story.

Nay, secondly, the further we advance beyond the point of

believing such illusions, their poetic value and power are often enhanced. An English boy, we venture to say, reads the 'Arabian Nights' with more generous gusto, with more intense delight, than did ever a boy in Bagdad. What comparison between all the ancient minstrels put together and the minstrel lays or minstrel prose of Scott, who wrote in the nineteenth century? What grey primeval father ever felt, or could ever have expressed, the beauty of the feeling for the rainbow as Campbell has done? And did not John Keats—a dying cockney youth—breathe a new poetic spirit into the pagan Mythos, and throne its gods in statelier and more starry mansions than Homer or Æschylus themselves? Not only is a 'thing of beauty a joy for ever,' but its beauty swells and deepens with time. All those illusions to which Delta so eloquently refers,—in medicine, law, and physics,—although thrust forth from the inner shrine of truth, linger on, in their highest ideal shapes, in the beautiful porch of poetry. There stands still the alchemist, his face pale with watching—his eyes bloodshot with prayer—the smoke of his great sacrifice to nature still crossing his countenance, and giving a mystic wildness to his aspect;—there the witch still mutters her spell, and thickens her infernal broth;—there the ghost disturbed, tells, as he walks with troubled steps, the secrets of his prison-house, his own shadowy hair on end in its immortal horror;—there the marinere, returned from a far countree, speaks of antres vast and deserts idle,—of spectre ships sailing upon windless oceans,—of spirits sitting amid the shrouds at midnight,—of double suns and bloody rainbows;—there Scheherezade continues her ever-wondrous and ever-widening tale;—there still twangs the bow of Robin Hood and wave the feathers of Rob Roy;—there, as the earthquake at times shakes the ground, it seems the spasm of an imprisoned giant; as a sunbeam of peculiar beauty slants in, Uriel is seen descending upon it; and as the thunder utters its tremendous monotony, there are still voices ready to exclaim, 'God hath spoken once, yea, twice have I heard this, Power belongeth unto God.' Still to fancy and to feeling—to imagination's ear of fairy fineness, and to passion's burning heart, 'all things are possible.'

Thirdly, Delta, we think, unduly restricts the domain of poetry, when he strikes out from its map the provinces of the definite and the true. We grant that often poetry loves to wear a robe of moonlight, and a scarf of mist, as she walks in her beauty. But there is also a severe, purged, and lofty poetry which delights in the naked light of truth—the clear shining of a morning without clouds. Such was the poetry of Homer, of Chaucer, of Crabbe, and many others. Such is the principal part of what is called didactic poetry. Such poetry, too, is

found in abundance in Scripture, and has obtained from critics the name of Gnostic, or Sententious song. Now it is certain that the advance of definite knowledge must tend to the perfectionment of this species of poetry, since it loves to deal with direct facts, definite propositions, and the higher of the works of art. Let our admirable friend just think what a field for poetry is opened up by the Great Exhibition—where all is so ‘definite and true,’ and yet so overwhelmingly magnificent—where the vision from the mount of the temptation of ‘all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them in a moment of time,’ is renewed—where, as if to the rubbing of another Aladdin’s lamp, or to some magical tune, all the works of the cunning of man’s wondrous right hand have crowded together—the contents of which might form the earth’s vast and bloodless offering to its descending Sovereign, more glorious than a Lebanon on fire, or the cattle upon a thousand hills for a burnt sacrifice, and the top of which might be a throne for the ‘Prince of the Kings of the Earth’ more worthy of his sublime session than a pyramid, or even than one of the smokeless and snowy altars of the mountains of nature. Would Delta exclude *this* from among the proper subjects of poetry, because it stands bare and clear—with its enormous size and bold edges sharply defined before—and has not yet, like Noah’s Ark, or Solomon’s Temple, gathered around it the purple mists of antiquity—although, let us trust, that, like the Ark, it prophesies security amid the floods and tempests of this distracted time, and that, like the Temple, it may be a signal for the uniting, inspiring, pacifying, and consecrating glory of the Lord to come down, and fill that weary earth of which it is the miniature, and to redeem that imperfect but aspiring humanity of which it is the splendid microcosm.

Fourthly, Delta omits to notice that while some of those indefinitudes and sublimities in which poetry has often hitherto delighted to revel, may yield before advancing science and civilization, others, of perhaps a grander cast, shall take their room. He is aware that in ancient demonology, next, or even superior, as an hour for starting a spirit to the noon of night, was the *noon of day*. We are at present in a transition state. The sun of science has risen, but has not reached his meridian. Consequently, the poetry of science, or of philosophy, has not fully arrived. But arrive it shall, in due time, and in our notion must be of a far higher cast than the poetry of superstition—beautiful as that was, is, and must continue to be. Lucretius was in the rear of Epicurus—Milton after Luther, and Scott after Chivalry. We must wait for the advent of those poets who shall set to song the great discoveries and philosophies of our day. Nay, even at present, we can detect the germs of

poetry in our advancing knowledge. 'The heavens,' says Hazlitt, 'have gone farther off.' Strange, indeed, if the telescope has pushed them away! Surely, if the 'cusps' of the 'houses' of astrology have left us, the constellations and firmaments of God's house have come nearer. 'There shall never be another Jacob's Dream.' Never—for we have now a 'more sure word of prophecy'—and is there not Lord Rosse's telescope piercing almost to the throne itself? 'They will never return.' True—the heavens of Ptolemy, or of infancy, never will; but are there not '*new* heavens' flashing down over our heads ineffably more sublime? We, for our parts, venture to prophecy that the 'witching time' of *noon* is near. 'Poetry,' says one, 'shall lead in a new age, even as there is a star in the constellation Harp which shall yet, astronomers tell us, be the polar star for a thousand years.' We are fast nearing that star! All the sciences are already employed, and shall yet be more solemnly enlisted into the service of poetic song. Botany shall go forth into the fields and the woods, collect her fairest flowers, and bind with them a chaplet for the brow of poetry. Conchology from the waters, and from the ocean shores, shall gather her loveliest shells, and hark! when uplifted to the ear of poetry, 'pleased they remember their august abodes, and murmur as the ocean murmurs there.' As Anatomy continues to lay bare the human frame, so fearfully and wonderfully made, Poetry shall breathe upon the 'dry bones,' and they shall live. Chemistry shall lead Poetry to the side of her furnace, and show her transformations scarcely less marvellous and magical than her own. Geology, with bold yet trembling hand, lifting up the veil from the history of past worlds—from cycles of ruin and of renovation, shall allow the eye of Poetry to look down in wonder, and to look up in fire. And Astronomy shall conduct Poetry to her observatory, and mingle her own joy with *hers*, as they behold the spectacle of that storm of suns, for ever blowing in the midnight sky. In the prospect of the progress of this last science, indeed, we see opening up the loftiest of conceivable fields for the poet. Who has hitherto adequately sung the wonders of the Newtonian—how much less of the Herschelian, heavens? And who is waiting, with his lyre in his hands, to praise the steep-rising splendours of the Rosseian skies? We have the 'Night Thoughts'—a noble but neglected strain, a whole century too behind the present stage of the science; but who shall write us a poem on 'Night' worthy, in some measure, of the solemn, yet spirit-stirring, theme? Sooner or later it must be done. The Milton of midnight must yet arrive.

Coleridge somewhere profoundly remarks, that all knowledge begins with wonder, passes through an interspace of admiration

mixed with research, and ends in wonder again. Now what is true of knowledge is true of poetry. She, too, begins with wonder; and from this feeling have sprung her first rude and stuttering strains. Admiration, culture, the artistic *use* of the wonders of the past succeed, and to this stage we have now come. But we shall yet rise, and that speedily, to a higher and almost ideal height, when the stationary unutterable wonder of the first poetic age shall be superadded to the admiration and art of the second, and when the new and perfect poetry shall include both. The infant, abashed at some great spectacle, covers his face with his little hands; the man stands erect, with curious kindling eye, before it; the true philosopher imitates the attitude of the angels, who, nobler infants, 'veil their faces with their wings.' So poetry at first prattles bashfully, it then admires learnedly, and at last it bends, yet burns, in seraphic homage.

Visions go, but truths succeed or remain. The rainbow ceases to be the bridge of angels, but not to be the prism of God. The thunder is no longer the voice of capricious and new-kindled wrath, but is it not still the echo of conscience; and does it not speak to all the higher principles in the human soul? The stars are no longer the geographical limits or guides of man's history; but are they not now milestones in the city not made with hands—the city of God? The universe has lost those imaginary shapes or forms by which men of old sought to define and bound it; but it has, instead, stretched away toward the infinite, and become that 'sea without shore' of which Milton dreamed. The genii imagined to preside over the elements have vanished; but instead of them, the elements themselves have gained a mystic importance, and sit meanwhile in state upon their secret thrones, till some new one power rises to displace and include them all. The car of Neptune scours the deep no more; but there is, instead, the great steam-vessel walking the calm waters in triumphant beauty, or else wrestling, like a demon of kindred power, with the angry billows. Apollo and the muses are gone; but in their room there stands the illimitable, undefinable thing called genius—the electricity of the intellect—the divinest element in the mind of man. Newton 'dissected the rainbow,' but left it the rainbow still. Anson 'circumnavigated the earth,' but it still wheels round the sun, blots out at times the moon, and carries a Hell of caverned mysterious fire in its breast. Franklin brought down the lightnings on his kite; but although they said to him, 'Here we are,' they did not tell him, '*What* are we.' In short, beauty, power—all the poetical influences and elements retire continually before us like the horizon, and the end and the place of them are equally and for ever unknown.

Delta is, as all who are acquainted with him know, a man of genuine, though unobtrusive, piety. Every line of his poetry proves him a Christian. And it is on this account that we venture to ask him, in fine, how will this theory of his consort with the doctrine of man's immortal progress; how account for the ever-welling poetry of the 'New Song;' and how explain the attitude of those beings who, knowing God best, admire him the most, praise him most vehemently, and pour out before him the richest incense of wonder and worship? *Here* is poetry surviving amid the very blaze of celestial vision; and surely we need not expect that any stage of mental advancement *on earth* can ever see its permanent decline or decay.

If we have dwelt rather long upon this point, it is partly because we count it a question of considerable moment; because we think Delta's notion in reference to it is pushed forward somewhat prominently, and more than once, and because it is one of the few theories in the book which, while it has a general character, is susceptible of special objections. We have indeed still one or two of his minor statements to combat. But we pass, first, with sincere gratification, to speak of the main merits of his book.

The most prominent, perhaps, of these, is Catholicity. He is a generous, as well as a just, judge. He has looked over the poetry of the last fifty years with an eye of wise love. Finding two schools in our literature, which, after a partial and hollow truce, are gradually diverging, if not on the point of breaking out, into open hostility, he has, in some measure, acted as a mediator between them. Not concealing his peculiar favour for the one, he is yet candid and eloquent in his appreciation of the demi-gods of the other. Adoring Scott, he is just to Shelley. He sees the fire mingled with mysticism, 'like tongues of flame amid the smoke of a conflagration;' but he greatly prefers the swept hearth and the purged clear columnar flames of the ancient Homeric manner. Inclining to what he thinks the more excellent way, he does not denounce as a dunce or an impostor every one who has chosen, or who encourages others in choosing, another and a more perilous style. The energy and beauty of his praise show, moreover, its sincerity. False or ignorant panegyric may easily be detected. It is clumsy, careless, and fulsome; it often determinedly praises writers for what they have not, or it singles out their faults for beauties, or by overdoing, overleaps itself and falls on the other side. It now gives black eyes to the Saxon, and now fair hair to the Italian—commends Milton for his equality, Dryden for his imagination, Pope for his nature, and Byron for his truth. Very different with honest praise. It shows, first, by the stroke of a moment, the man it

means, and after drawing a strong and hard outline of his general character, it makes the finer and warmer shades flush over it gently and swiftly, as the vivid green of spring passes over the fields. And such always, or generally, is the distinct, yet imaginative, the clear and eloquent praise of Delta.

He goes to criticise, too, in the spirit of a poet. Prosaic criticism of poetry is a nuisance which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear. It should be put down by act of Parliament. A drunkard cursing the moon—a maniac foaming at some magnificent statue, which stands serene and safe above his reach—or a ruffian crushing roses on his way to midnight plunder, is but a type of the sad work which a clever, but heartless and unimaginative, critic often makes of works of genius. Nay, there is a class less despicable, but more pernicious, who make their moods and states, play the critic—now the moods of their mind, and now the states of their stomach, which, nevertheless, issued in cold oracular print, are received by the public as veritable verdicts. There is a set, again, whose criticisms are formed upon the disgustingly dishonest principle of picking out all the faults, and ignoring all the beauties, of a composition ; and who do not give the faults even the poor advantage of showing them in their context. And there are those who judge of books by their publisher, or by the nation of their author, or by his profession, or by his reputed creed. It were certainly contemptible to allude to the existence of such reptiles at all, were it not that they are permitted to crawl in some popular periodicals that they shelter under, and abuse the shade of the ‘Anonymous’—and that they have prevailed to retard the wider circulation of the writings, without being able to check the spread of the fame, of some of the most gifted of our living men. To take one out of many cases, we simply ask the question—have some of our leading London journals ever taken the slightest notice of any one of the works of perhaps the most eloquent and powerful genius at present alive in Britain—we mean Professor Wilson ? And if this has been little loss to him, has it been less a disgrace to them ? Delta is altogether a man of another spirit. He is at once a poet and a gentleman ; and how fortunate were many of our critics, could he transfer even the lesser half of this fine whole to them. His genial enthusiasm never, or seldom, blinds his discriminating eyesight. He loves because he sees. And throughout all this volume he has praised very few indeed who have not, in some field or another of poetry, eminently distinguished themselves.

We mention again his wide knowledge of the poetry of the period, which his lectures include. This bursts out, as it were, at every pore of the book. There is no appearance of cram-

ming for his task, although here and there he does allude to writers who have either, *per se*, or *per alios*, been thrust into the field of his view. We notice, however, that he has made one or two important omissions. Admitting all Robert Montgomery's weaknesses and faults, has he not written much genuine poetry? Yet we do not find his name in the volume. His silence as to a far nobler spirit, Sidney Yendys, was, we understand, an oversight. The slip containing a criticism of 'the Roman,' accidentally *slipt* out as the printing was going on. It was the same with a notice of Taylor's 'Eve of the Conquest.' Other blanks there are, but, on the whole, when we consider the width of the field he has traversed, the marvel is that they are so few.

We have a more serious objection to state. It is with regard to the scale he has (in effect, though indirectly) constructed of our poets. Scott he sets 'alone and above all;' then he places Wordsworth, Byron, Wilson, and Coleridge, on one level—Campbell, Southey, James Montgomery, Moore, and Crabbe, seem to stand in the next file; then come Pollok, Aird, Croly, and Milman; then Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson; and, in fine, the *οἱ πολλοί*, the minor, or rising poets. Delta will pardon us if we have mistaken his meaning, but this has been the impression left on us by the perusal of his lectures. Now, admitting that Scott, in breadth, variety, health, dramatic and descriptive powers, was the finest writer of his age, yet surely he is not to be compared *as a poet* with many others of the time; nor as a profound thinker and consummate artist, with such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge. As a VATES, what proportion between him and Shelley, Keats, and Byron? In terseness and true vigour, he yields to Crabbe; and in lyrical eloquence and fire, to Campbell. Wilson, as a man of general genius, and Shaksperian all-sidedness, is inferior to few men of any age; but as a *poet*, as an *artist*, as a *writer*, has done nothing entitling him to rank with Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Campbell and Crabbe are commensurate names, but they rank as poets much more highly above Southey and Montgomery than Delta seems willing to admit. And, greatly as we admire Croly, Aird, and Pollok, we are forced to set Keats and Shelley above them in point of richness and power of genius, as well as of artistic capacity.

Were we to venture to form an estimate of the poets of the last half century in the rear of Delta's, we should be compelled to construct *two* scales, one of them according to their original genius, and another according to the artistic merit of their works. And the first scale should consist of—I. In original genius. 1. Coleridge and Wordsworth nearly equal; 2. Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Byron, Shelley, Keats, equal; 3. Campbell,

Crabbe, equal; 4. Southey, Croly, Hogg, Aird, Tennyson, nearly equal; 5. James Montgomery, Delta, Pollok, Milman, Moore, Talfourd, nearly equal; 6. Our female authors and the lower form of the mystic school; 7. The *οἱ πολλοί*, including, however, in our day, many real poets.

II. In the artistic merit of their works—1. Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Campbell, and Crabbe; 2. Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson; 3. Southey, Montgomery, Wilson, Croly, Pollok, and Aird; 4. Milman, Hogg, Delta, Moore, and our female authors; 5. The rest.

Such is a very rough but sincere list, formed on a plan similar to one in Byron's letters, who, however, curiously enough, classes Rogers in his topmost line. We have not included in it one or two of our most rising names, simply for the reason, that we have as yet only the first-fruits of their genius, and could only speak of them in the style of prediction. Two such, whom we have in our eye, are yet destined, we believe, to rank with the highest in the catalogue.

Delta, in his capacity of poet, is intensely national. And so, as a critic, his heart beats most warmly, and his language flows out with most enthusiasm and fluency toward the poets of Scotland. He has mingled with some of the noblest of English spirits too; may, for aught we know, have climbed Helvellyn with Wordsworth; has, at any rate, 'seated at Coleridge's bedside at Hampstead, heard him recite the Monody to Chatterton in tones 'delicate, yet deep, and long drawn out;' but he has evidently been on terms of more fond and familiar intercourse with the bards of his own country. He has sat occasionally at the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' has frequently walked with Aird through the sweet gardens of Duddingstone, listened to Wilson sounding on his way as they scaled Arthur's Seat together, or to Hogg repeating 'Kilmany,' mingled souls with poor William Motherwell, and crossed pipes with Dr. Macnish, the Modern Pythagorean—has read the 'Course of Time' in MS., and now and then seen Abbotsford in its glory, while the white peak of the wizard's head was still shining amid its young plantations. Hence a little natural exaggeration in speaking of the men and the subjects he knows best—an exaggeration honourable to his heart, not dishonourable to his head, and which does not detract much from the value of his estimates; nay, it has enabled him, in reference to Scottish genius, to write with a fine combination of generous ardour, and of perfect mastery. Cordially do we unite with him in condemning the gross affectations, the deliberate darkness, the foul smoke, and, above all, the assumption, exclusiveness, and conceit, which *distinguish* (or shall we say *extinguish*?) the writings of our minor mystics; and we have

already granted that he is just in his estimate of the genius of many of the higher members of the school, and sincere in his desire to produce a reconciliation between them and their more lucid and classical brethren. Still we could have wished that he had entered more systematically and profoundly into the points of difference between the two schools, and the important æsthetical questions which are staked upon their resolution. He might, for instance, have traced the origin of mystical poetry to the fact that there are, in poetry as well as in philosophy, things hard to be understood, words unutterable, yet pressing against the poet's brain for utterance; have shown that the expression given to such things should be as clear and simple as possible; that the *known* should never be passed off for the *unknown*, under a disguise of words (even as a full moon might be mistaken for a crescent moon, behind a cloud sufficiently thick), that a mere ambitious desire to utter the unknown should never be confounded with a real knowledge of any of its mysterious provinces; that, as no system of mystical philosophy is, as yet, complete, so it has never yet been the inspiration of a truly great and solid poem, although it has produced many beautiful fragments—that fragments are in the meantime the appropriate tongue of the mystical, as certainly as that there is no encyclopædia written in Sanscrit, and no continent composed of aerolites—that even great genius, such as Shelley's in the *Prometheus*, has failed in building up a long and lofty poem upon a mystical plan—that alone of British men in this age, Coleridge so thoroughly comprehended the transcendental system, as to have been able to write its epic, which he has *not* done—that much of the oracular poetry of the day is oracular nonsense, the spawn of undigested learning, or the stuff of opium dreams—that the day for great mystical poems must yet come, but that meanwhile we are tempted to quote Dr. Johnson's language (whose *spontaneous* and *sincere* sayings, by the way, are seldom if ever mistaken), in reference to William Law, and to apply it to our Brownings, Herauds, Patmores, &c. 'Law fell latterly into the reveries of Jacob Behmen, whom he alleged to have been in the same state with St. Paul, and to have seen *unutterable things*; but, were it even so, Jacob would have resembled St. Paul still more, by *not attempting to utter them*.'

Chaos, no doubt, in its successive stages, was a poem, but it was not till it became creation that it was said of it, 'It is very good.' So often the crude confusions, the half-delivered demoniac thoughts, the gasping utterances of a true poet of this mystical form, have a grandeur and an interest in them, but they rather tantalize than satisfy; and when they pretend to completeness and poetic harmony, they are felt to insult as well as tantalize.

So far as Delta has erred on this subject, it is in that he has decried mystic poetry *per se*, and has not restricted himself to the particular and plentiful examples around him of bad and weak poetry 'hiding itself, because it was afraid,' among trees or clouds,—intricacies of verse or perplexities of diction. But, even as from science advancing towards its ideal, there may be expected to arise a severe and powerful song, as man becomes more conversant with the mysteries of his own spiritual being—more at home in those depths within him, which angels cannot see; and, after he has formed a more consistent and complete theory of himself, his position in the universe, his relation to the lower animals and to the creation, his relations in society and to God,—after, in one word, what is now called mysticism has become a clear and mighty tree, rising from darkness and clothing itself with day as with a garment, then may it not become musical with a sweet, a full, and a far-resounding poetry, to which Δ himself, notwithstanding all the characteristic *triangular* sharpness of his intellectual perceptions, would listen well-pleased? It is this hope alone which sustains us, as we see the new gaining so rapidly upon the old, in the domain not only of thought but of poetry. The pseudo-transcendental must give place to the true.

It may indeed be said, 'but will not thus much of what is indefinite—and, therefore, the fairy-food of our poetic bees—disappear?' We answer as we have replied before in reference to science, Yes, but only to be replaced by a more ethereal fare. The indefinite will be succeeded by other and other shapes of that *infinitude* which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. And, however perfect our future systems may be, there will always appear along their outlines a little mist, to testify that other fields and still grander generalizations lie within and beyond it.

Our space is now nearly exhausted, otherwise we had something more to say about these lectures and their author. The faults we have had occasion to mention, and others we might name, have sprung from no defect of capacity or taste, but partly from the accident of his local habitation, partly from the generous kindness of his heart—a noble fault, and principally from the false position he and all are compelled to assume, who enter on that grand arena of mutual deception and graceful imposture called the lecture-room. Having felt long ago, by experience and by observation, what grave *lies* lectures generally are, what poor creatures even men of genius and high talents often become ere they can succeed in lecturing, and how we yet want a name that can adequately discriminate or vividly describe the personage who feels himself at home on a lecture-platform,

we were abundantly prepared by the words 'six lectures' to expect a certain quantity of clap-trap, and are delighted to find that in the book there is so little. We rejoice to see, by the way, from a recent glance at that repertory of wit and wisdom—Boswell's Johnson—that old Samuel entertained the same opinion with us of the inutility of lectures, and their inferiority to books as a means of popular education; and that, too, many years ere they had become the standing article of disgust and necessary nuisance which they seem now to be.

But, instead of dwelling on Delta's faults, or quoting any of the eloquent and beautiful passages in which his lectures abound, we close by calling on our readers to purchase and peruse for themselves. His book is not only worthy of his reputation, but is really one of the heartiest, sincerest, and most delightful works of criticism we have read for many a long year.

We almost tremble now to begin a criticism on any advanced and long-known author. While we were writing our paper on Joanna Baillie, the news arrived of her death. While expecting the proof of the above article on 'Delta,' the melancholy tidings of his sudden decease reached us. Shall we say, in the language of Lalla Rookh,—

'I never reared a fair gazelle,
To glad me with her soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was *sure to die*?'

About two months ago, the lamented dead opened up a communication with us, which promised to ripen into a long and friendly correspondence. *Dis aliter visum et.* Delta the Delightful is no more. On a visit in search of health, he reached Dumfries, a town dear to him on many accounts, and principally because there sojourned a kindred spirit—Thomas Aird—one of his oldest and fastest friends. On the evening of Thursday, the 3rd of July, as the amiable and gifted twain were walking along the banks of the Nith, Delta was suddenly seized with a renewal of his complaint—peritonitis—a peculiar kind of inflammation, and it was with great difficulty that his friend could help him home to his hotel. There, fortunately, were his wife and one of his children. He was put immediately to bed, and every remedy that could promise relief was adopted. On Friday he rallied somewhat. Dr. Christison was summoned from Edinburgh, and came, accompanied by the rest of Delta's family. On Saturday he grew worse, and early on Sunday morning he expired, sur-

rounded by his dear family, and by two of his old friends, one of the Messrs. Blackwood and Mr. Aird. On Thursday, the 11th, he was buried in Musselburgh, where he had long officiated as a physician, universally respected and beloved. He was only fifty-three. For nearly thirty-three years he had been a popular contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine.' His principal literary works are 'A Legend of Genevieve, with other Poems,' which includes the best of his poetical contributions to the magazines and annuals, 'Mansie Wauch,' and the 'Sketches of Poetical Literature' above criticised. He published, also, several medical works of value, as well as edited the works of Mrs. Hemans, and wrote the Life of John Galt, &c. The 'Eclectic' contains, in its past volumes, notices of the most of these, of the friendly tone and spirit of which the lamented author was, we know, gratefully sensible.

We have spoken briefly, but sincerely, in the article, of Delta's intellectual merits; it remains only to add, that, although we never met him in private, we can testify with perfect certainty that a better man or a lovelier specimen of the literary character did not exist; he had many of its merits and none of its defects; he used literature as a 'staff, not a crutch,'—it was the elegant evening pastime of one vigorously occupied through the day in the work of soothing human anguish, and going about doing good. Hence he preserved to the last his child-like love of letters; hence he died without a single enemy; hence his personal friends—and they were the *élite* of Scotland—admired and loved him with emulous enthusiasm. Peace to his fine and holy dust! reposing now near that of the dear boy whose premature fate he has sung in his 'Casa Wappy,'—one of the truest and tenderest little poems in the language, to parallel which, indeed, we must go back to Cowper and his verses on his Mother's Picture.

We close by quoting a sentence from a letter of his, dated 28th April, 1851:—'I have for years had beside me three poems which would of themselves make a volume—"The Exile of Norogorod" (1,400 lines), "Chatelar, a Drama in three Acts," and the "Lunatic of Love" (800 lines). To these I could add five other tales, averaging 500 lines each; probably, however, the volume must remain for a *post mortem legacy*, if worthy of such a name.' We trust his executors will not lose sight of these precious remains of the true-hearted and gifted spirit who has been so prematurely removed.

ART. II.—*Works of Edward Hodges Baily, Esq., R.A. Catalogue of the Royal Academy. 1815—1851.*

ONE of our greatest defects, as an educated and civilized people, is our imperfect appreciation of sculpture—incomparably the noblest of the mimetic arts. An explanation of the fact may be sought in our climate, in our organization, or in our habits of business; but that it is a fact, no one can deny. When seeking a solution of the problem, we appear to discover it in our national ignorance, which with reference to art is so great that we seem absolutely incapable of elevating our minds to the level of its highest forms. In this department, therefore, education has still everything to do. When we judge, it is by tradition or at hap-hazard, so that the greatest artists among us often remain comparatively unknown to their contemporaries; it is only when death has stamped its seal on their labours, and removed them beyond the sphere of envy, jealousy, or admiration, that we awake to a sense of their merits, and are stung by regret that we did not comprehend their value while they were with us.

In the minds of some, however, there appears to exist a doubt as to whether the fine arts, and sculpture in particular, ought to be regarded in any other light than as instruments of pleasure. That they do afford gratification to the mind, more or less according to its elevation and capacity, is unquestionable; but while accomplishing this purpose, they likewise refine and chasten it, and wean it from sordid thoughts to inspire it with the love of beauty, which is the handmaid to truth and virtue.

Most persons will confess that poetry, when true to its mission, arouses in mankind a yearning after ideal perfection, which, though not to be attained in this world, is felt to be our ultimate destiny. Between the poet and the sculptor there is this difference only, that the one reveals his conceptions by means of arbitrary characters, while the other clothes his with material forms. Poetry is thought imprisoned, as it were, in hieroglyphics; sculpture is poetry, taken at one remove from its original source, and invested with the attributes of physical nature. The artist who works in marble translates the fleeting creations of his fancy into permanent shapes, and bequeaths them to posterity, so that ages to come may know what images inhabited his mind, and what veneration he entertained for the truths of nature. All real love of art implies humanity and benevolence. We do not work in order to give pain to our

species, but to excite in them kindly or generous emotions—to inspire them with a love of what is good and beautiful, and more or less directly to reveal to them by this means the original source of all beauty and of all good. This, it will be acknowledged, is a great and worthy object, and it is the object of all genuine art.

If we desire, therefore, to be true to ourselves, we should be careful not to throw away the lessons that may be imparted through sculpture; for the greatest artist, as we have shown, is a teacher of mankind—a sort of mute philosopher, who, speaking with his fingers, silently suggests truths of the highest importance. He holds communion with us through a medium peculiar to himself. He has a logic and an eloquence of his own. He does not assail us with propositions or syllogisms, but, approaching our understanding through the domain of our emotions, he corrects and elevates us as we gaze at his productions. He envelopes truth with delight, and pours it warm into our souls, where it is fused and blended with our thoughts.

If it were not so, how could we explain the grateful admiration we bestow on the sculptors of antiquity? They are to us among the best representatives of an order of things long past away—of beauty which has been translated into other worlds, of energy which has ceased to operate here below, of love and the thirst of fame, an overwhelming impulse of benevolence, and greatness, and genius, and glory, all faded from the earth, leaving behind them only such footmarks and tokens as the sculptor's chisel has been able to invest with permanence. Could we, without his aid, comprehend the philosophy and patriotism of Greece in all their fulness? Is there a man of liberal education and sentiments who would not cheerfully make great personal sacrifices rather than permit the Vandalism of power, or the destructiveness of individuals, to obliterate from the face of the earth those magnificent relics bequeathed to us by Greece, which we all regard as one of the great heirlooms of humanity?

We have been led into these remarks, by an attentive examination of the works of Mr. Edward Hodges Baily, who occupies, in the estimation of Europe, one of the most eminent places among living artists. It is difficult to say whether we most admire the variety of his productions, the taste and knowledge they exhibit, or that refined and chastening beauty which presides over them all. What the Greek sculptors accomplished for the beautiful and great of their own day and generation, Mr. Baily is doing for his contemporaries. He toils unseen, but his chisel is perpetually at work, creating forms which posterity, when properly instructed, will regard as inestimable. The

mantle of Flaxman has fallen on his shoulders—the classic purity, the originality, the simplicity, the grace and delicacy which presided over the illustrations of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and Dante, which, like the productions of the pupil, have never yet been properly estimated or understood.

It would be incorrect to maintain, that Mr. Baily has not enjoyed a large share of fame, or that the world has been at all unwilling to recognise his merits. The contrary is implied in what we have already said. The object we have at present in view, therefore, is to complain less of the scantiness of public patronage, than of the direction in which that patronage has moved. Equal to any work, however minute or colossal, Mr. Baily's chief excellence lies in the production of beauty, the highest object proposed to itself by art. Consequently, if as a nation we possessed true taste, we should hasten, while the artist yet remains among us, to obtain some statue by his hand, some memorial of a genius which, when, sooner or later, it passes away, will be felt to have been unrivalled for the grace and delicacy of its conceptions.

Mr. Baily was born at Bristol, March 10, 1788. His father, who was a ship-carver, had the reputation of being the first man of his line in the country, and displayed so much taste and ability in the production of figure-heads, that Flaxman, on having one of his works pointed out to him on a ship in the Thames, declared that few sculptors could have surpassed it. It was probably this circumstance that awakened a love of art in the son, though it was not from the beginning intended that he should follow his father's profession. At the age of fourteen he left school, and was placed in a merchant's office, in the expectation that he would devote himself entirely to commerce, for which alone his education seemed to have fitted him. But in civilized communities, wherever superior abilities are found, something which we denominate accident supplies the spark that kindles, and renders them prolific. Mr. Baily remained in the counting-house two years, but instead of devoting himself exclusively to the mysteries of Cocker and double-entry, he employed his leisure in studying the rudiments of art. Becoming acquainted with a Mr. Weeks, who for a small sum took portraits in wax, the ideas first acquired in his father's workshop were developed in his mind. He conceived the desire to imitate his friend, and with extraordinary rapidity acquired a skill and facility in modelling. Quitting the pursuit of commerce at the age of sixteen, he employed himself for a while in taking portraits in wax, which at the time were thought to suggest great promise. Of these we have never seen a specimen, but we trust that some lover of art, who may hereafter visit Bristol, will be at the pains to trace

them out. Sooner or later they will become more valuable than their present owners in all likelihood imagine.

The taste for modelling in clay was awakened accidentally by a visit to Bristol Cathedral, where the young artist saw with admiration Bacon's monument to the memory of Mrs. Draper, Sterne's Eliza. This lady, born on the Malabar coast, once enjoyed, through her friendship for the author of '*Tristram Shandy*,' an European reputation, but is now scarcely remembered, save by those few who study the biography of Sterne. Though we have visited Bristol Cathedral, and probably in passing beheld her monument, it made no impression on our memory, and, therefore, we are unable to pronounce any opinion on its merits, which must doubtless be considerable to have produced so powerful an effect on Mr. Baily's imagination.

Nearly about the same time, Mr. Leigh, a surgeon, becoming acquainted with the artist, lent him Flaxman's designs in illustration of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and gave him a commission for two groups modelled after Flaxman's conceptions: '*Ulysses taking leave of Penelope on departing for the war*,' and '*his return from Troy, with the incident of his dog, Argus*.' Mr. Leigh, who took a warm interest in his young friend, now wrote to Flaxman, for whom he seems to have felt great admiration, to inquire whether he did not want a young man to assist him in modelling. Meanwhile, with the characteristic improvidence of too many men of genius, Mr. Baily, at the age of eighteen, and without means or assured prospect, married the lady who, we believe, after the lapse of forty-five years, still graces his fireside. He immediately felt the necessity of taking another bold step, and, leaving his young wife in Bristol, came to London, where some members of his family had previously settled. Within a few days after his arrival in town, he called on Flaxman, who, forming at once a high estimate of his capacity, took him into his studio, where he may properly be said to have commenced his artistic education.

Having been joined by Mrs. Baily, he applied himself to study with great earnestness and assiduity, and earned the affectionate friendship of Flaxman, who thenceforward watched with something like paternal solicitude over the development of his genius, which may fairly be said to have borrowed something of its poetical character from the inspiration of that extraordinary man. Baily's progress was now extremely rapid. He gained the silver medal at the Society of Arts and Sciences, and the silver and gold medals, with a purse of fifty guineas, at the Royal Academy, the subjects in the second case being *Hercules rescuing Alcestis from Orcus*. Fuseli, remarkable for the

fastidiousness of his taste, and the severity of his judgment, pronounced the design of this group to be the best he had ever seen exhibited, under similar circumstances, before the Royal Academy.

At the age of twenty-five, Mr. Baily produced his 'Eve at the Fountain,' a statue of unrivalled grace and beauty. He had now, by one single bound, placed himself on a level with the great sculptors of antiquity, among whose remains there is nothing more poetical, nothing that addresses itself with more force and sympathy to the general mind of Europe. The goddesses of classical mythology, however lovely or majestic, we all know to be creations of the brain, things whose world is the poet's mind, to which material forms were never given, save by the artist in marble, ivory, or gold. But the first mother of mankind, as she issued with ineffable purity from the hands of God, must always be an object of the deepest interest to the thoughtful and reflecting among her children. What she was we have all the means, more or less perfect, of judging, since she must have resembled some of those among her daughters whom we have most loved. Every man beholds the original type of humanity in the object of his own affections. His ideas are coloured and modified by his sympathies. The image which reigns over his mind gives direction and shape to his ideas, and when, by whatever means—words, colours, or marble—he translates his conception of beauty from the ideal into the real world, there is inevitably an identity, more or less complete, between the idol of his passions and the external, palpable work of his hands.

We know not how far Mr. Baily is versed in the metaphysics of his art, but the most familiar acquaintance with philosophy could not have suggested to him an object of more universal interest than 'Eve at the Fountain.' Milton, the poetical historiographer of the Creation, who by the force of genius made himself present at the throeless birth of our first mother, conducts her as soon as she becomes conscious of life to the margin of placid waters, where, in an ecstasy of love, she hangs enamoured over her own image.

Leaving Flaxman at the end of seven years, Mr. Baily became chief modeller to the house of Rundell and Bridges. He now took a house in Percy-street, with a large studio, and applied himself without intermission to the production of new works of art. Next after the Eve, followed 'Hercules casting Licas into the Sea,' a subject which Antonio Canova had previously treated with much success. Mr. Baily's group, however, suggests the idea of greater force and energy: the hero, bringing forward his victim with one swing, is on the point of hurling him over the precipice. To this succeeded 'Apollo discharging his Arrows,'

and 'Maternal Love;' possessed, the former by Lord Egremont, the latter by Mr. Nield, M.P.

On this group Mr. Thomas Kibble Hervey, whose lyrics display great beauty, has written a poem, published among the illustrations of modern sculpture, from which we select a few lines.

'A mother's love :—that gushing spring,
That sends a sweet and silver stream,
Beneath whose low dim murmuring
The soul lies down to dream,
Of vanished good, from present ill,
When all its other harps are still,
Along life's dull and narrow vale
To haunt us like an ancient tale,
And on our path where'er we roam,
Go singing of its home.'

On the erection of the triumphal arch in front of Buckingham Palace,* Mr. Baily, in conjunction with other sculptors, was employed in ornamenting it, as well as a portion of the palace itself. Of the figures on the arch he executed one-half, as well as the groups on the south and principal pediments of the palace, representing the triumph of Britannia, together with all the statues on the summit of the edifice, including the Tower of the Winds. He likewise sculptured the bassi-rilievi which surround the throne-room.

Mr. Baily's other works at this period were statues to the memory of Lord Egremont—Mr. Telford, the engineer—Sir Richard Bourke, governor of New South Wales—Sir Astley Cooper—Dean Dawson, of St. Patrick's—Doctor Butler—Earl Grey, (fourteen feet high) at Newcastle—Duke of Sussex, (colossal) at Freemasons'-Hall—Lord Holland, in Westminster Abbey—design for the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, which, though Sir Robert Peel, one of the committee, pronounced it worthy of any name or country, was for want of funds never executed. In its stead was erected a Corinthian column with a statue out of sight on the summit.

When Mr. Baily was elected a member of the Royal Academy, Flaxman,—who was present, voted for him, and experiencing as much pleasure as if he had been his son,—slipped quietly out the moment the election was over to have the satisfaction of announcing the fact to him. Thinking no one interested in forestalling him, Flaxman walked towards Percy-street, enjoying as he went along the happiness he was about to impart to his favourite

* Now removed to Cumberland-gate. The figures on the park-side are by Mr. Baily; those towards the street by Sir Richard Westmacott.

pupil. But some other friend had observed him leave the Academy, and conjecturing on what errand he was bound, rushed out after him, took a cab, and, driving with all speed, got first to Percy-street. When Flaxman, therefore, entered Mr. Bailey's parlour, and saw the academician seated there, he probably felt a little disappointed, but expressed his congratulations in the warmest manner; and, no doubt, experienced more gratification than any other person, excepting the newly-elected academician himself.

No circumstance, perhaps, in the life of Mr. Bailey reflects more credit on him than the friendship of Flaxman, whose memory he holds in the highest honour, and whose name he can never pronounce without emotion. If we were an educated and enlightened people in matters of taste, the name of this great man would be as

‘Familiar to our mouths as household words.’

His imagination, at once classical and creative, constantly transported him back to the earliest ages of antiquity, familiarized him with the personages, beliefs, and events of the mythology, and enabled him to reproduce with consummate beauty and truth the ideas which haunted the mind of old Greece. The very pupils of Pheidias were scarcely more thoroughly imbued with his spirit than Flaxman; but the opportunity was never afforded him of giving permanence to his inventions in marble. In outline only have they come forth to the world; but there they are—visions of loveliness, which, as we gaze on them, irresistibly suggest the idea that their author must have been born in Attica.

When we consider the spirit that presided over his works, we can easily comprehend the partiality felt by Flaxman for Mr. Bailey. Their minds were congenial: their genius of the same inventive, exquisite class. Beauty stood ever beside them, ready, if we may so express ourselves, to be incarnated in marble. It fell, however, more frequently to the lot of the pupil to execute the designs he had conceived, though it is impossible to reflect without deep regret on the many beautiful forms his fancy has given birth to, which will never be clothed in any material substance. They have merely been projected before our mind through the medium of words, floating, evanescent, impalpable as thought itself when not seized and arranged, according to the laws of art, in some composition destined for immortality.

Mr. Bailey lived twenty-three years in Percy-street; after which, he removed to 17, Newman-street, once the residence and studio of Bacon, whose monument of Mrs. Draper had ex-

exercised in youth so powerful an influence over his fancy. At the same time, he took a villa on Haverstock-hill, which, out of fondness for the street where he had passed so many happy years, he named Percy Villa; and, in obedience to the same feeling, the house he now occupies in Holloway is called Percy Lodge. His studio in Newman-street is capacious and convenient, and many of his best works have been produced there. Among these are, 'Eve Listening;' the 'Girl preparing for the Bath;' the 'Sleeping Nymph;' the 'Group of the Graces;' and the 'Fatigued Huntsman returned from the Chase,' originally intended to have been called Narcissus.

Of these there is none which, perhaps, strikes the fancy more forcibly, or retains a stronger hold on the mind, than the 'Sleeping Nymph.' It is the figure and countenance of one of the artist's daughters idealized. Returning fatigued from a long walk, she had thrown herself on a couch in the drawing-room, and fallen asleep; when her father, who happened to be sitting near at hand, was struck by the grace of the attitude. Quietly fetching his modelling materials, he soon produced an admirable sketch, which he afterwards executed the size of life, and sculptured in marble. Many persons remarkable for the accuracy of their judgment prefer this to all his other works, regarding it as equally removed from the dreamy creations of fancy, and the every-day reality of portraiture. It is certainly a work of surpassing truth and beauty. The air of perfect repose which pervades the entire form—the expression of boundless innocence, of tranquillity, of seraphic happiness, which beams from the face—the disposition of the drapery, the hair, the arms—everything, in short, suggests the idea of consummate art. Would not the perpetual presence of figures like this in our houses tend to inspire us with a love of the beautiful, and of the charities of domestic life? No production of the Grecian chisel is more classical; no portrait of the day is more natural and life-like. The ideal here blends with the real so as to produce the most admirable result.

We borrow from Mr. Hervey's poem on this statue a passage, which shows with what felicity the poet can express in words the ideas of the sculptor:—

————— 'When sleep at length
Had tamed thy spirit's joyous strength,
And lulled within thy bounding breast
Its conscious happiness to rest—
How beautiful! as softly laid,
At noon, within some forest-shade,
And by some mortal watcher seen,
In stealth, beyond the leafy skreen,

Who carried—never to forget—
 The deathless vision on his heart ;
 And gave, in hues that linger yet,
 That momentary trance to art ;
 And sung that sleeping form of thine
 In words the thought had made divine.
 How beautiful, as *here* revealed
 Unto a sculptor's dream !
 As, haply, thou hast lain of eld,
 High o'er some prophet-stream,
 Whose mystic tones stole up the steep,
 And hushed thy laughing heart to sleep.'

If Mr. Baily's studio were in Paris or Rome, it would be the daily resort of the numerous lovers of art in those capitals. He would scarcely be able to execute the commissions that would pour in upon him. Copies of his principal works would be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and diffused over all Europe ; particularly the 'Eve,' the 'Sleeping Nymph,' and the 'Graces ;' and it would form a part of the education of the day to enjoy and appreciate them. We, however, are greatly wanting, as a people, in artistic education ; and, therefore, neither sculptors, nor painters, nor poets, are properly understood by us. For certain great names we feel a sort of idolatry, which, gradually growing and diffusing itself, is transformed into a popular sentiment. But our ideas do not become, on this account, more elevated or correct. We think it incumbent on us, when certain men are named, to give utterance to a few conventional expressions of praise ; but are not at all careful to adjust our phrases to the necessities of the case, to extol with discrimination, or even to accommodate our language to the ideas and convictions within us.

Occasionally, when monuments are to be erected to eminent men, we fancy we adopt the principles of fair play by inviting artists to enter into competition for the honour of being thus employed by the public. At first sight the plan appears reasonable enough. But, practically, how does it work ? Why the sketches or models sent in are submitted to judges, for the most part, incompetent, who, therefore, however much inclined to do justice, are unable to fulfil their own intentions. Having never received an artistic education, or investigated the metaphysics of the subject, or familiarized themselves with the remains of antiquity, or with what in these latter days has been accomplished by our countrymen, they are compelled to substitute an ignorant preference for a recognition of rules and principles, and their decisions, consequently, are exactly such as might be expected. It is well known to all who have any practice in art, that

many sculptors are capable of making diminutive figures—in the technical language of the day denominated statuettes—who do not by any means possess the power to produce a colossal statue after the same model. On this a majority of those who are called upon to judge do not reflect. All sculptors appear to them to be invested with the same capabilities; and, therefore, without the slightest hesitation, they award the prize to that individual who has laid before them the prettiest work in miniature.

This we mention by way of illustrating our inexperience as a people in whatever relates to the art of sculpture. Again, when the selection of an artist is to be made by persons in office, a similar error is commonly committed. Everything is trusted to chance, or to what may be termed the instincts of society. One artist has pleasing manners, another excels in the power of conversation, while a third, perhaps, has rendered himself master of what may be denominated the learning of his art. But when the statue comes to be executed, the world discovers in it nothing but its intrinsic merit. There is no room for a display of manners or conversation, or learning, except, perhaps, as regards the costume, and this only when the man to be represented existed in past times. When it is to the figure of a contemporary that we desire to give permanence, we obviously have to do with nothing but the genius and artistic resources of the sculptor.

Yet no one can have lived much in the world without perceiving that, in the arts, as in literature, and other things, the 'race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong.' Considerations wholly foreign to the subject determine the amount of encouragement which a sculptor receives. One bows himself into reputation; another is indebted for success to his rhetoric; a third, to his family connexions; a fourth, to the assiduity with which he has plunged into the antiquities of art, and the fluency with which he expatiates upon them. We have not yet learned to base our preference in matters of art, on artistic merit alone; have not taught ourselves to feel that in order to do full justice to genius, we must consider its pretensions in themselves, and suffer our minds to be swayed by nothing but by reasons arising spontaneously out of the nature of things.

The true artist trusts, however, to the impressions made by his works, keeps himself aloof from all intrigue, canvasses no strangers, and will scarcely solicit his friends. He wishes that the public patronage he receives should be spontaneous. Though he may thus miss being employed on numerous occasions, he will enjoy the unfeigned admiration of all true judges. Among

many, however, the opinion prevails that it would be doing injustice to a poetical artist's permanent reputation to employ him in portrait sculpture, seeing he is calculated to excel in the highest works of art, in the embodiment of grand ideas, and the creations of the imagination. But the question, it appears to us, is not whether an artist's ideal figures are, or are not, superior to his portraits, but whether his portraits are not equal to those of any other sculptor.

It would, therefore, indicate true judgment on the part of the public to extend the greatest amount of encouragement to that department of sculpture in which Mr. Baily is admitted to excel. It is confessed that he has few living rivals in the poetry of his art, in the embodiment of female beauty, elevated, refined, and chastened, so as to rank beyond dispute with the productions of classical antiquity. In his theory of position and attitudes there is a peculiarity which savours, perhaps, more of Italy than of Greece: we mean his fondness for the representation of extreme repose in a great majority of his groups and statues. Among the Greeks, indeed, this tendency was, at times, observable; though as a rule there was more elasticity in their figures, more exhibition of restless energy, more tendency, in short, to some form of action. Mr. Baily addresses himself, however, to one of the most powerful feelings of our nature—fondness for the *dolce far niente*—in many of his works. The moment selected is a moment of serene enjoyment, placid contemplation, delicious listening, happy sleep, preparation for unexciting pleasure, or the tranquil gratification produced by sisterly intercourse. No turbulent passions, no disquieting thoughts—no recollection of past pain, or anticipation of future suffering, disturb the harmony of the countenance. If we adopt as an example the group of the Graces, our readers, perhaps, will be better able to go along with us. This divine sisterhood is represented, as it should be, in a group partly sitting and partly reclining, so as to show each of the figures in the most delicate and graceful attitude. They are linked together, as in ancient sculpture, without the least taint of voluptuousness, or any trace of those uneasy passions which should never be found in the blessed charities of life. Instead, there is a harmony, a soothing quietude, an external manifestation of internal joy, a felicitous simplicity, a rapt unconsciousness of the world's gaze, which no person of sensibility can contemplate without extreme delight. Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, who made art the handmaid of philosophy, and philosophy the inspirer of art, employed himself, probably in his youth, in producing a group of the Graces, which, in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, was still preserved in the Acropolis, apparently uninjured. What became

of that creation which the world would now give much to possess, is more than history can reveal. In modern times these daughters of Aphrodite and Zeus, have employed the chisels and pencils of many artists, and most of them, including Mr. Baily himself, have made use of a certain amount of drapery for concealing portions of the form. This, however, was, by the great sculptors of antiquity, deemed a heresy in the theory of art. The Graces, like truth, should have no clothing but their own purity, which knows neither disguise nor concealment. They are simply the embodiment of the mind's best affections, of good will towards the human race, of the desire to kindle unadulterated joy, of the wish to inspire happiness; feelings which they thought should be allowed to present themselves without a veil before the mind, and if so, then their external representatives should appear invested with the same simplicity before the eye. But Mr. Baily has managed his drapery with that wonderful taste and delicacy for which he is distinguished. Whoever has studied the remains of Grecian art must be well aware that it is the expression of the countenance that clothes the statue or renders us conscious of its being unclothed. If the face be chaste it indicates that the mind is so occupied with worthy thoughts, that the heart is unpolluted, that the boundless innocence within renders impossible all reference to the rest of the world. The Hellenic goddesses, when they appear unclad, seldom or never suggest the idea that they are in the company of other beings; or if they do, it is of such beings as they can appear before without shame. They have the modesty of children. They are, in fact, so many embodiments of pure thought. This is the case even with the Venus de Medici: her hands only move in obedience to an internal instinct, and we are convinced she would have recovered her natural position if time for reflection had been allowed.

These ideas are in strict conformity with Mr. Baily's theory of art, but concessions must always be made to the taste of the age and country in which an artist lives. He is now, we believe, meditating the production of a statue which will, in all likelihood, prove the crown of his works. This is a classical female figure, the proper representation of which will require the greatest possible resources of art. It lies, however, entirely within the range of his style of sculpture, rich, poetical, full of vitality and expression; of his success, therefore, no one can doubt; and they who have the direction of our public repositories of art should hasten to secure it as an imperishable memorial. It ought not to be suffered to pass into private hands, and be secluded from the public gaze. The Eve is already in Bristol, where it adorns the great hall of the Institution. The work of

his mature genius should be secured to form its companion, which will render Bristol the possessor of two works of art, that must one day draw crowds to it. The young and lovely mother of mankind will then be placed by one of the most fascinating of her daughters, who has left behind her a world-wide fame, less, perhaps, owing to her beauty than to those intellectual accomplishments which rendered her the wonder and envy of her age.

For many years past the practice of reproducing casts of the Eve has been gaining ground, but instead of making them of the size of life, they have often been reduced and disfigured, so that it is altogether impossible to form from them a correct idea of the original: if casts of the same dimensions with the statue were produced and multiplied so greatly that they might find a place in every house spacious enough to contain one, it would go far towards creating in the nation a taste for art. Other works of the same sculptor should be equally multiplied—the ‘Sleeping Nymph,’ ‘Maternal Love,’ the ‘Girl preparing for the Bath,’ the ‘Graces,’ and a ‘Fatigued Huntsman,’ worthy to be the companion of these female forms. What we have said will, we trust, induce many of our readers to examine these noble works for themselves, that they may know what the arts of our country have produced of most excellent beauty, chaste, graceful, refined, belonging to the classical type, without being an imitation of classical models.

ART. III.—*Recollections of Sydney.* By B. C. Peck. London: Mortimer. 1850.

AMONG the misfortunes entailed on this country by her oligarchical government, the alienation of the American colonies was one of the principal. By a system of action perfectly in accordance with their general plan, the aristocratic heirs of power, towards the close of the eighteenth century, drove our western dependencies into rebellion. The revolt was successful. An unhappy and unnatural war ended in the humiliation of the parent State. America was parted from the dominion of Great Britain, and the nation had to thank its hereditary governors for the burden of a disgraceful war, resulting in shame and loss.

Yet even in connexion with this lamentable event there was one fortunate circumstance. For nearly two hundred years

Australia had been neglected by Europe. When America was lost, England remembered the great southern land, and resolved to settle on its shores a convict colony. The same cause, therefore, promoted two of the most remarkable events in the history of modern civilization. The English colonies on the western continent declaring themselves independent, combined and laid the foundation of that splendid and prosperous republic which now offers an example to the rest of Christendom. On the other hand, Great Britain, deprived of these possessions, extended her enterprize to the farthest south, and there planted a colony, destined to be among the most flourishing in the world. Since 1606, when the early Portuguese navigators are supposed to have discovered in the southern ocean the shores of an unknown land, various expeditions had explored those remote seas. The mariners of England and Holland surveyed what they believed to be the coasts of a new continent, encircling the Antarctic Pole. Famous names are connected with that vast region—Torres, Van Diemen, Cook, and Bligh. Still, though their numerous voyages enabled the geographer to lay down the position of Australia, nearly two centuries elapsed before any attempt was made to reclaim the vast island from the domain of savage nature. At length, about the year 1780, accounts of its fertile beauty reached England, and were disseminated far and wide. The parent state was just then agitated by the inquiry—whither could she now transport her criminal children. Australia was chosen as the distant and solitary prison for the outcasts of civilization. The region—even at this time struggling into form—was condemned to receive a taint on the bloom of its infant beauty, which has clung to it as a repulsive stigma. A squadron was equipped. In January, 1778, after a voyage of eight months and a week, about nine hundred persons debarked at Port Jackson. A thick forest grew down to the water's edge. The first encampment was raised under the shade of trees. Soldiers, sailors, and convicts—the last forming three-fourths of the whole company—were employed to prepare for the new city. Tents were soon exchanged for huts, huts for houses, and among them rose a church where the truths of Christianity were proclaimed on the remote shore of that immense and mysterious region. Timber was felled, patches of ground were cleared, gardens were planted, and little jetties built to facilitate landing and embarkation. The noble harbour—capable of sheltering all the fleets of Europe—bore for the first time on its bosom European ships. All seemed to favour a settlement. But a community so composed was not likely to spend the early years of its existence in harmony and peace. Industry was unpalatable to men who expected from a virgin

soil spontaneous products sufficient for their support. The colony, therefore, laboured through a series of unhappy vicissitudes. Scarcity produced recklessness, recklessness entailed disease, crime, conflicts with the natives, and mutual quarrels. The gallows was early at work. A boy was hanged for burglary four months after the day of landing. Several men, hating life in this lonely spot, resolved to return overland by way of China to their homes in Europe. The ignorance of these unfortunate wretches was shared by the educated classes in Europe, for it was not until twenty years later that the insular character of New Holland was ascertained. It is needless to say that the adventurers who thus plunged into the depths of the unknown region in search of a road to China, never returned to the society of civilized men.

When, therefore, we consider that the colony of New South Wales was planted only sixty-two years ago, and that its early existence was a struggle with every kind of hostile influence, it is with wonder we survey the results now before us. On the eastern, western, northern, and southern coasts, are four settlements, colonized by our countrymen. The whole of the enormous territory is ours. An island two thousand four hundred miles long, eighteen hundred wide, with an area of nineteen hundred and twenty millions of acres, has been added to our empire. At the several chosen points cities have been erected, which are flourishing in different stages of progress. A large and thriving population creates a new and yearly-increasing demand for our manufactures. An outlet is opened for the myriads which our institutions render superfluous in this land. Thus our industry is stimulated—our poverty relieved. Yet Australia is still a new, an undeveloped, even a mysterious region. We recently introduced our readers to the narrative of Captain Sturt, which indicates the immense space left blank on the maps of New Holland. A vast, impenetrable desert appears to occupy the interior. In some parts recently explored, large fertile tracts have been discovered; but at the remotest point yet attained by the traveller, his eye has wandered over a level waste, where the plains appeared to melt away on the undefined horizon, and mingle with the sky.

It is more, however, to the social progress than to the physical phenomena of Australia that we now direct our remarks. Certainly the natural characteristics of the island are very singular. The curious diver system, the geological formations, the distribution of mountains, the character of the vegetable and animal creations—so different from those of the old world—suggest some interesting speculations. In a land where the black swan sails along the rivers—where beautiful blue crabs crawl over the

beach—where green clouds hang above the tops of the hills—where nuts grow with the kernels outside—where leaves hang with the edges downwards—where the duck-billed platypus, a monster among quadrupeds, is found—and where fine rivers, after flowing long distances with appearances of great promise, are lost in impassable marshes. In such a region, we say, we must lay aside our old systems, which there fall into complete confusion. The infidel geologist, who in the researches of a false science pretends to discover disproof of the Christian religion, is confounded in this new field. His calculations are all upset; and the sage who reckoned on overthrowing the truths of revelation is baffled in a part of the creation to which none of his laws will apply. The truth is that quackery, under the name of science, has endeavoured to fit nature to its theories. It is gratifying to witness the discomfiture of such blasphemous pedantry, by a discovery which confutes it even according to its own self-fabricated code.

Another singular fact is, that while the soil of Australia is so prolific in the growth of fruits, grains, and flowers transported from the old world, it affords so few indigenous products serviceable as the food of man. Its native vegetation is of an inferior kind. Its animal kingdom is humble and limited; its aboriginal population belongs to the lowest class of humanity. Nevertheless, we do not adopt the philosophy of the ethnologist, who has declared them altogether incapable of civilization. The contrary has been partly proved. Even in their savage state, the nobler as well as the more sensual passions prevail. The warrior thirsts for glory, the woman yearns for love, and the mother delights in her child. When we find a race unstamped by these marks of our common nature, we shall consider it irredeemably barbarous, but not before. Civilization inflates some of its professors, who look down on the heathen, and deny him a hope of sharing the blessing with them just as many of those who exercise political rights look down on the pariahs of society—as though their turn would never come. In the districts near Sydney, numerous natives are employed with advantage by the farmers. They are improvident, and not addicted to labour, but, once compelled by want, they work with diligence and skill.

The settled territories of Australia are four. The oldest and most important is New South Wales, divided into twenty-one counties, having a sea-coast of sixteen hundred miles. The next in age, but not in value, is Western Australia, or the Swan River settlement, founded in 1834. The third is South Australia, established in 1834, and occupying an area—not yet fully explored—of about 310,000 square miles. The last is that of Port

Essington, on the northern coast, founded about twelve years ago for the purpose of attracting trade from the Indian Archipelago. At these places, the results of an intercourse with the civilization of Europe are displaying themselves in vivid contrast with the savage nature that surrounds them. The soil, nearly fruitless sixty years ago, now produces almost every grain and vegetable useful to man. Wheat, maize, barley, oats, rice, rye, and millet; flax, tobacco, cotton, indigo, chicory, trefoil, and a species of tea; apples, pears, plums, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, mulberries, medlars, almonds, apricots, peaches, nectarines, oranges, grapes, figs, melons, lemons, loquots, olives, citrons, pomegranates, bananas, guavas, and gooseberries; potatoes and peas, with crops in winter as well as summer; cabbages, turnips, carrots, onions, radishes, cucumbers, and all kinds of vegetables, besides timber in infinite variety, constitute abundant resources of supply for the settlers. The mineral riches of the country, which have already been developed, though incompletely, are coal, iron, copper, gold, with slate, and exhaustless quarries of stone. Other minerals are known to exist, but are yet unwrought, while without doubt the earth still conceals in her bosom materials of wealth as valuable as these. On the coasts of Western Australia, important whale fisheries are carried on. The Americans, whose enterprise penetrates every sea, have employed from two to three hundred ships there in a single year. Salt and salt fish form profitable articles of exportation to India and China, while the fur and oil of seals are highly prized.

In a region where the original food of the natives consists of whale-blubber, kangaroo, seals, opossums, emu, and turtle-flesh, with dogs, frogs, mussels, and grubs, added to a few roots, gums, and grass-seeds, immense flocks and herds have been introduced by the European colonists. Oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry, flourish on the splendid pastures of New South Wales, South Australia, and the Swan River. In 1791, the cultivated land in New South Wales consisted of about four hundred and fifty acres. The live stock was composed of six horses, eighteen cattle, fifty-seven of the sheep, and thirty-seven of the pig species. The progress of the colony is exhibited by a contrast between these figures and the statistics of the present day. About 250,000 acres are well cultivated, producing three million bushels of wheat, maize, oats, barley, rye, and millet, besides more than sixty thousand tons of potatoes, tobacco, and grasses for hay. Above a hundred thousand horses, a million and a half of horned cattle, nearly seven million sheep, and about sixty thousand pigs, supply hides, horns, tallow, provisions, and wool in enormous quantities. Of this last-named valuable commodity millions of pounds are yearly shipped from the port

of Sydney, for the various marts of the world. The population of that city—nine hundred at its birth—now exceeds sixty thousand, and of the colony, has risen to two hundred and thirty thousand.

In the twenty-one counties into which New South Wales has been divided, there are eighty post towns—some of them, indeed, only villages in size, but all promising to increase in wealth and importance. One of the most striking illustrations of our progress in Australia is exhibited by these germs of eighty cities, planted in a soil shaded entirely by forests, not half-a-century since. Sydney, of course, stands at the head of this magnificent rank. She is a model for, not a copy of, an English seaport town. Her plan is convenient and regular: her streets are spacious and straight, the approaches from her unequalled harbour are easy, and the situation is excellent, with respect at once to the health of the inhabitants, and the facilities for industry and trade.

Sailing between the granite gates of Port Jackson, the voyager's eye rests on the city of Sydney. The wide extent of the harbour is diversified by shipping from England, America, India, China, and New Zealand; the shores, indented by safe and spacious bays, are on their open expanses dotted by villas, built of white stone, surrounded by pretty gardens, with smooth-shaven lawns, and shaded by groves of trees. The town itself, handsome and clean, stands prominently forward. Forts, church spires, warehouses, public offices, and other important edifices, are scattered among the crowds of substantial structures forming the dwellings of the prosperous citizens. There are cathedrals, churches, chapels, theatres, banks, assurance offices, post offices, newspaper offices, steam-packet offices, markets, hotels, gin-palaces, and other evidences of our incongruous system of civilization. Daily and weekly journals issue from handsome editorial temples, and the war of pens is vigorous, and often bitter. Fine shops, glittering with every attractive commodity, claim the attention of the gaily-clothed throngs passing to and fro in the streets. Crowded omnibuses and cabs bear passengers from place to place, in excellent imitation of the London plan.* The conductors cry the familiar name of Paddington, as they do in our own metropolis; and of a cabman you inquire the fare to Hyde Park, to the Museum, to Haddington-street, to the Theatre Royal, to the 'Atlas' office, as well as to the Paramata Road or

* The public is indebted for much useful information to the little volume we have placed at the head of this article. It is a neat compilation, full of facts, and describes well the metropolis of New South Wales: we recommend it to emigrants and their friends.

the Woolloomooloo Hills. This introduction of old names to new places is a singular feature in the habits of our emigrants; the discoverer of a river, a province, a harbour, or a hill—the builder of a street, a church, or a square—bestows on it some name which he respects, or loves, or which vanity inspires him with the wish to perpetuate. We have the Plains of Promise, Welcome Hill, Doubtful Bay, Danger Bank, Swan River, and Providence Harbour, so called from circumstances connected with their discovery; we have Spenser Gulf, Port Jackson, Cape Horn, Van Diemen's Land, and Moreton Bay, named after the discoverers or their friends; we have New South Wales, Richmond, Liverpool, and Windsor, in pleasant remembrance of the mother-country; while other places retain their native appellations, as Milla-murra, Bylong, Cullen Bullen, Tupa, and Yengo.

From this little digression we return to our discursive view of the progress achieved by our four Australian* colonies.

The actual state of New South Wales is curious. Since the introduction of a more liberal spirit, with respect to the emancipated convicts, public peace and morality have been largely benefited. The places of religious worship are well attended; crimes are not very numerous, and the general tone of the population is moral. Thirteen years ago, with the summary convictions included, one person in twenty-two was a criminal;† at present the proportion is far higher in favour of morality. As long as the colony was poor it was corrupt: cheap food and abundant labour, light burdens and wide channels of trade, are among the great purifiers of a community. Nor is this taking honour from religion or education. The hungry man, immersed in ignorance, has neither the principle which prompts men to honesty, nor the ability to learn it. We here find an answer to the sophistry which contends that the poor must not be trusted with influence or riches until they are sufficiently educated to deserve it; until they are comfortable they will have no heart for learning, and until they have power they will never have the means of independent subsistence.

In South Australia, which adjoins the colony of New South Wales, we have a tract of land comprehending 324,000 square miles, or 207,000,000 acres—partly wild and barren, partly reduced to cultivation. Off the coast is situated Kangaroo

* The epithet Australian, or Australasian, applies properly to the whole of that great southern group; but as our limits restrict us to the principal island, we use the word in its commoner sense.

† At that time, the proportion of criminals in the American Republic was 1 in 3,500 persons; in England, it was 1 in 740.

Island, where a settlement was established in 1836. Many large and substantial buildings were erected, and the emigrants resolved to maintain their position. However, some of them visited the mainland, saw the large plains of Adelaide, dotted with trees, covered with pastures, and presenting a most illusory prospect. The discovery was at once turned to account. The foundations of a city were laid. Streets, squares, terraces, and promenades were planned, and a land-mania seized the colonists. The value of the ground rose from 3*l.* to 2,000*l.* an acre. Every man desired to build. Most became masters, and labourers were few. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and other mechanics were hired at any prices, and whoever could drive a nail or put one brick upon another was immediately engaged at 20*s.* or 30*s.* a day. The fever increased in intensity. Poor people became rich as if by magic; drinking and gambling, commencing with the masters, descended to their servants, and everything assumed a strange, unnatural colour. One publican earned in three years 10,000*l.* The town was planned as for a population of 40,000. Others—named Islington, Kensington, Brighton, &c.—sprang up around it, at least on paper, for in reality you might inquire for Albert Town and be directed to a tall, attenuated post, rising amid a patch of brushwood. In other situations, however, the work of clearing and building went briskly on. Meanwhile, scarcity impended, prices became enormous, and the excited emigrants were threatened with grievous disasters. But the steady colonists of New South Wales, resolving to profit by the folly of their younger brethren, sent off supplies to them. To the astonishment of the people at Adelaide, caravans with flocks and herds descended upon their plains, after a journey of many hundred miles, through an unknown country. Cattle were sold at princely rates, meat fetched 2*s.* a pound, bread 2*s.* 6*d.* a loaf, flour a hundred, and potatoes thirty guineas a ton.

This continued until 1840, when the reaction reached a disastrous height. Money there was scarcely any. Paper, which had previously passed current like gold, was worthless; the public expenditure was increased to 180,000*l.*, and all things relapsed into inactivity. Governor Grey undertook the renovation of the settlement. In two years the expenses of the colony were reduced to less than 30,000*l.* The building mania died away; the poor were employed—as they had and have in all parts of the world a right to be employed—on the public works; and the others were induced to commence the cultivation of the soil. A change rapidly came over the aspect of the country. The naked earth was clothed with plenty. Magnificent crops of wheat were raised, gardens, orchards, and plantations

multiplied, the pastures were crowded, and cheapness and content succeeded the unhappy state of affairs we have described. Cattle, formerly 40*l.* a head, were to be bought for 3*l.*, and sheep for 8*s.* In 1843, the supply of corn was so great, that nearly 10,000*l.* worth was exported.

Another period of excitement was at hand. In 1844, a loaded dray, descending a hill, 'was obliged to have a large tree dragging behind it to prevent its rushing upon the team of bullocks.' The wheel came in contact with a rock, splintered its surface, and revealed a bright silvery substance. The idea of a mine was instantly suggested. Specimens were shown to persons acquainted with the nature of metals, and were pronounced to be lead ore. Scenes followed like those which ensued in the valley of the Sacramento after the discovery of the gold at Sutter's Mill. All classes were stricken with the fever. Copper was found in large quantities, and every other occupation was almost abandoned. Not a man could be seen who bore not about him some specimen of ore. The corn cultivation was neglected. Only small crops were raised that year. Even for these there could be found no regular harvest. The town feared the visit of famine. Gentlemen and ladies, soldiers and policemen, then sallied forth with every conceivable instrument, from a proper sickle to a common pair of scissors, and the wheat was partially gathered in. Several hundred acres of splendid grain, however, rotted on the earth. This misfortune was productive of one good result—it set men's invention to work. A machine was devised which, being propelled by horses or oxen, reaped the corn, beat the grain from the husk, winnowed it, and, finally, turned it into bags, ready for the market.

Such manias, however, seldom endure long. The mining fever in South Australia, though productive of many evil results, was temporary. A healthy tone was again infused among the colonists, and the city of Adelaide, increasing in extent and wealth, was surrounded on all sides by well-cultivated provinces, intersected by five roads, and dotted with comfortable farm-houses, villas, and hamlets, the residences of a flourishing population. In this colony, not more than sixteen years old, there are about 80,000 acres of land under cultivation, while more than a million have been surveyed and prepared for sale. Thousands of horses and horned cattle occupy the pastures, with goats and pigs in large numbers. The population of the city is from 10,000 to 14,000; that of the whole colony was, two years ago, 38,666, being an increase of 286 per cent. since 1839. This is the most remarkable example of rapid growth exhibited by any of our trans-marine possessions. The next most remarkable is that of Western Australia, which, in 1839, was peopled only by

2,154 persons. In ten years the population increased to 4,460. The fact is attributable to the trade with the Indian seas, carried on by the merchants of the Swan River. The settlement was founded in 1830 by a few individuals of large fortune. They undertook to colonize the province at their own expense, in consideration of large grants of land. The agreement was to become null and void unless, in the course of a given period, the experiment promised to succeed.

At first their prospects were exceedingly dull. Great difficulties stood in the way; severe privations were suffered; but so much discouragement did not dishearten the adventurers. Western Australia now promises to become among the most prosperous of the settlements we have founded on that gigantic island. 'Along the sea-coast,' says a writer, whose facts are far more valuable than his opinions, 'the country is hilly and barren; nor is it much better in the immediate neighbourhood of the principal settlements, Perth and Freemantle; but beyond these there is plenty of good grass country, and near the inland town of Guilford, the arable land in the valley of the Swan River is surpassingly rich and productive, so that it has been known to bear eleven successive crops of wheat in as many years without any manure, and the last year's crop averaging twenty-five bushels to the acre. In some parts this good land approaches more nearly to the coast; but still a large proportion of the soil is poor and sandy, although even of this a great deal is capable of cultivation, and is thought to be especially fitted to the growth of the vine.* The climate is exceedingly healthy and delightful; indeed, it is even superior to other parts of Australia,† and rain is more abundant here than elsewhere. Plenty of fish is likewise to be found in the neighbouring bays and inlets, which are numerous, and whales are so plentiful, only a few hours' sail from the shore, that oil is a principal article of export.‡

In 1838, a settlement was established at Port Essington, on the northern coast, with the design of forming an emporium for the trade of the neighbouring islands. As early as 1824, an attempt was made to colonize Melville Island, in the neighbourhood. Three years after, the settlement moved to Raffles Bay, on the Main, and ultimately was abandoned, on pretence that

* This has proved the case. Some splendid vines have been grown there. A cutting, planted at Perth, bore more than 14 cwt. of grapes in the second year.

† Here our author is wrong. We have the important authority of Captain Stokes to show that the province is not so healthy as those of South Australia and New South Wales.

‡ Pridden's 'Australia.'

the place was unhealthy, that the natives were hostile, and that the Malays abstained from visiting it. As the situation was ill-chosen, it is perhaps fortunate it was given up, but the reasons alleged are without foundation: indeed, at the very time it was abandoned, a large number of Chinese residents in Java, doubtless weary of Dutch tyranny, were about to cross over and locate themselves under the protection of the English flag. However, the advantages of a settlement on the northern coast were so apparent, that Port Essington was colonized, and already promises to enjoy brilliant prosperity.

The population gathered at the four points we have indicated amounts to about 350,000, being an increase of about 100 per cent. within ten years. The value of such colonies is made apparent—even to those who only regard colonies in a mercantile point of view—by the following table, which exhibits the proportions of British manufactures consumed by those countries and dependencies with which we enjoy trading relations:—

	£	s.	d.
In Prussia, every person consumes to the value of	0	0	6
In Russia " "	0	0	8
In France " "	0	1	6
The United States " "	0	5	6
In Canada " "	1	15	0
West Indies " "	2	17	6
Cape of Good Hope " "	3	2	0
Australia " " from 7 <i>l.</i> to	10	0	0

We now send yearly to New South Wales as many yards of printed cotton as to the whole of Austria; to Van Dimen's Land, as many as to Belgium; to South Australia, more than to Denmark. The trade is continually increasing; and as the population grows, an impetus is communicated to our manufacturing industry which cannot fail to exert the most beneficial influence on our condition as a nation. Already, the exports of the region amount to three millions, and the imports to more than two-and-a-half.

A pleasant picture of life in the colony is afforded by a writer whose seven years' residence in South Australia entitles him to credit.* He is speaking of the highway between the port and the city of Adelaide:—

'The bustling road generally excites surprise among new comers; they seem to think that, after having left England so far behind them, they will, in the Antipodes, find nothing resembling the old country. Here, however, at first landing, everything puts them in mind of home;

* Wilkinson.

the houses and streets, the shipping, boats and vehicles, the men, women, and children, all recall similar objects in Old England. Familiar-looking inns and shops, and genuine English barmaids or shopmen, take one quite by surprise. The glass of beer drawn out of the London-made engine, the cheese, butter, and baker's-bread, the meat and vegetables, and, in fact, the *tout ensemble* is English and comfortable. Some few differences there certainly are; for instance, observe that jaunty-looking young fellow on his half-bred horse, a man that never had a couple of sovereigns in his possession before he emigrated, and from whom starvation alone took away his dread of a foreign land; now he keeps his horse and rides to his work, and if any of his old companions arrive, he can ask them to a comfortable meal in his own house. Look, again, at that dashing young man who has just welcomed a friend, and is offering him a seat in his tandem-gig to town: that is the younger son of a poor surgeon in England, whose only chance there was either to enter an office as clerk at 50*l.* a-year, or to emigrate. He came out with less than 500*l.*, with the knowledge that he had no more to expect: he first hired himself to a stock owner, at weekly wages, placed his money in the bank at interest, and saving all he could, he gradually amassed a little wealth; so that when his gaming and drunken master was obliged to sell his station and cattle, his old servant had the means of purchasing the whole with ready money, having, in three years' servitude, saved 200*l.* He is now rich and happy, and looks forward to a run home to England, for a year or so, to get a wife.'

Another illustration is even more striking and agreeable. It is of a woman, still in the bloom of youth, in whose beautiful face and rounded form none would have recognised the faded dress-maker, bent nearly to the grave, when fortune gave her the chance to emigrate. The pale, thin, sickly children, sent out as paupers by the parish, are plump and rosy boys, the delight of their parents, who flourish on their farm or by their trade. 'Such instances,' says the author, 'are not uncommon, and show us that we are not of merry England.' This is bitter satire, but it is impossible to deny that it applies to this country, blessed as it is by millionaire-bishops and an unimprovable constitution! Trees are to be judged of by their fruit.

We shall extract one passage from a writer long resident in the rural district in Australia. It describes a dwelling such as we have ourselves seen an exact model of. The comfortable reader will probably think such a home some inducement to quit the gaieties of town-life. But to the poor what a contrast between this little pastoral cottage and the dull and cheerless workhouse ward, the cold bare attic, or even the damp unsheltered archway!—

'The common weather-boarded cottage of an early settler now attracts our attention. A wide verandah is over the front entrance,

and two small rooms, the exact width of this, jut out at either side of it; in front of the house extends a range of English rose-trees, in full flower, while the bank, thirty or forty yards in front of these, is clothed with foliage to the water's edge. There may be seen the fragrant mimosa, the abundant acacia, the swamp oak, which would have been styled a fir, had not the first exiles to Australia found twined round its boughs the misletoe, with its many home associations, the elegant cedar, the close-growing mangrove, and strange parasitical plants, pushing through huge fungi, and clasping, like the round crunching folds of the boa, the trees from which they derive their nourishment.'

But no one who contemplates emigration to Australia must forget that, unless he possesses considerable capital, personal industry is alone to be depended on. The man with 5,000*l.* may settle in a town, place his money out at interest, and live well upon the proceeds. He may go to balls, routs, picnic parties, and enjoy other frivolous amusements; but such an indolent idler is little credit or benefit to any community. If you have 500*l.* or 1,000*l.* to start with, you may buy land and cultivate it, or pasture sheep and cattle; but if you have no money, you must eat bread by the sweat of your brow. Brick-makers, bricklayers, blacksmiths, carpenters, cabinet-makers, coopers, working engineers, gardeners, common labourers, miners, masons, painters, plasterers, reapers and shearers, shoemakers and boot-makers, sawyers, splitters, carters, shinglers, shepherds, hut-keepers, saddle and harness manufacturers, tailors, tinmen, bullock-drivers, upholsterers, wheelwrights—such are the classes of labour more or less in demand. Schoolmasters, artists, musicians, merchants and bankers' clerks, and other soft-handed gentlemen and ladies, are not wanted. Sydney is crowded with them. A recent letter informed us that in Adelaide many were walking shoeless in the streets. With the exception of schoolmasters and clerks, we think all this very well. When Sydney runs mad after the luxurious arts it will begin to stagnate—that is to say, unless it has raised itself to that lofty position of opulence and power which will allow it, without danger, to cultivate them.

Like California, Australia wants wives. 'Tell the wretched and starving,' says a wealthy and respectable farmer in New South Wales—once a convict, now a happy husband and parent—'that here poverty may be turned to competence, crime to repentance and happiness. And pray tell the great gentlemen who rule us, that we much need both preachers and teachers in this wide bush of Australia, but that it is virtuous wives who rule us most, and, in a lovely land, make the difference between happiness and misery.'

'The great gentlemen who rule us,' and our colonies too,

know well what Australia needs, as well as what the mother country requires. When the Premier explained his plan of a constitution for Australia, he evinced his complete knowledge of the country and its necessities. But the reader knows too well that to understand a grievance and to remedy it, even with those who have the power, are quite different things. The Australian colonies have prospered; but they owe their success to themselves. Little has the English Government done for them. It has given to the most important of them a criminal population, whose stains ages only can efface. And now, when, with a tardy repentance, it proposes to bestow on them a constitution, and the right of self-government, the peers are allowed to step in, take the kernel from the nut, and present the empty shell to the colonists. Australia is now weak; but she is increasing daily in strength and stature. It may not always be so safe to toy with the best interests of myriads of men. Some legislators appear to view Australia in the light of a subjugated country. They forget the relations which exist between it and the mother country. It is a part, not a subject, of the empire. It claims rights, not privileges. It deserves the dignity of self-government, and when it enjoys the blessing, will continue to form one of the most valuable and important portions of the empire.

In spite, however, of the capricious apathy of the home Government, the colonies of New Holland have, as we have seen, progressed to a high degree of prosperity. Sixty years ago, forests, grassy plains, and pathless savannahs, extended from rim to rim of the immense island, which, from its size, some geographers have included among the continents of the globe.* Only wild and savage barbarians peopled this remote land. Their home was the wood, their food the worm of the earth and the wild roots which their women dug in the fields. Now large cities stand on several spots along the coasts; the forests have fallen under the axe; fields and pastures are crowded with life; and the silence of the region has been disturbed by sounds which doubtless will never die away. Roads have been cut through the hills and plains, stage-coaches rattle between town and town, and every year the dominion of civilization is enlarging its circle. The coasts, ranged a hundred years ago by a few adventurous barks, are now patrolled by steamers, and the ports, where little canoes alone paddled, are crowded with stately and richly-freighted ships. The prospects of Australia are indeed happy. Steam, it is evident, must soon connect our

* A term which cannot properly be applied, for Australia is one, and continent means a continuity of countries.

shores with theirs. When that great achievement is accomplished, half the bitterness of separation will be gone. Monthly mails will render us familiar with the name. Already the line has been contracted for as far as the Cape by those who will doubtless perform well what they have confidently undertaken.

With respect to the routes which have been proposed, it is difficult to determine decisively in favour of either. Experience alone can prove which possesses the greatest advantages. At any rate, we should object to increase the monopoly of the Overland India Company, and can see no good reason why the line in course of preparation to the Cape should not be extended to Australia. Sixty-five days will then carry the traveller from Southampton to Sydney.

ART. IV.—*Protestant Lectures on the Errors and Abuses of Romanism.*

London: A. M. Pigott.

ROME, the prohibiter of thought, makes men think; Rome, the prisoner of the Bible, helps the circulation of the book; Rome, the hoary foe of liberty, aids the freedom of nations. The process is indirect. The result is not designed. Rome, therefore, has no virtue, and deserves no thanks in the case. If good come out of evil, the latter is not thereby sanctified. The rebound may smite the hand that gave the original impulse. The destructive engine may burst in the midst of its constructors. The enemy may fall into the pit which he digged for others. Even Rome is not omniscient, her claim to infallibility notwithstanding. The last six months have demonstrated her shortsightedness. The famous Letter of the chief pastor, albeit full of prospective blessings to the heretic nation, has aroused the slumbering spirit of Protestantism throughout every district of England. Deeming that spirit fabulous, the Sovereign Pontiff generously offered to occupy the deserted place. His offer has excited the dormant, and aroused the lethargic. Men have been driven to the Bible, not to discover a new reading, but to revive and strengthen the old. Error has thus become the involuntary advocate of truth. 'The separation between truth and error,' says the historian of the Reformation, 'must now be accomplished, and it is to error that the task is assigned. Had a compromise been entered into, it must have been at the

expense of truth ; for to mutilate truth in the slightest degree, is to pave the way for her complete annihilation. Like the insect, which is said to die on the loss of one of its antennæ, she must be complete in all her parts, in order to display the energy which enables her to gain great and advantageous victories, and to propagate herself through coming ages. To mingle any portion of error with truth, is to throw a grain of poison into a large dish of food. The grain suffices to change its whole nature, and death ensues slowly, it may be ; but yet surely. Those who defend the doctrine of Christ against the attacks of its adversaries, keep as jealous an eye on its farthest outposts as on the citadel itself, for the moment the enemy gains any footing at all, he is on the highway to conquest.' This truth is beginning to dawn on many minds in England, hitherto closed against it. 'Peace, peace,' was the doctrine, though the enemy was rapidly undermining those strongholds which the 'wisdom of our ancestors' had erected against papal encroachments. Secure in richly endowed and powerful universities, whose orthodoxy, as the well-spring of light to the nation, was guaranteed by the legal exclusion of Nonconformists, the clergy slept on. Enjoying the milk and honey of the land, they 'did duty,' and deemed all safe. No dream disturbed their repose. Laughing to scorn the puny efforts of 'the Church's enemies ;' the polite designation of all beyond her pale, who sought to introduce a healing principle into the corrupt mass ; and ever turning to the Government and the Crown as their strongholds in the day of battle ; they could afford to look upon the broad inheritance of ecclesiasticism with wonderful complaisance and repose. What was there to injure the prosperity, or to weaken the power of the great system ? On the introduction of any measure into Parliament, having a monetary bearing on the Establishment, the cry, 'The Church is in danger !' was heard as a matter of course ; but the interests of the hierarchy and those of the Government being in most instances nearly identical, the matter was soon arranged and the cry was dropped. Upon the whole, then, everything seemed to promise well for the perpetuity of 'the purest Church in Christendom.' All this time, however, there was a gangreen at her heart. A deadly enemy grew up in the citadel. One by one the vital parts of the Protestant system were paralyzed by his touch. A doctrinal pestilence broke out in the centre of Oxford. The worst features of the Papacy crept to the surface. Sacramental efficacy, apostolical succession, priestly absolution, auricular confession, prayers for the dead, penance, and all the kindred brood of abominations, were openly taught. 'Conversions' followed as a matter of course, and the more honest of the fanatics emigrated to Rome. Overjoyed by the intelligence

of this unexpected accession to his ranks, and learning from these credible worthies that England, ashamed of the very term Protestant, was anxiously waiting for reconciliation to the Apostolic See, the Pontiff hastened to pour out the fulness of his paternal heart on the penitent country. What followed all the world knows. The Letter Apostolical, the cardinal, and the bishops; commotion, excitement, legislation; speculation, prophecy, polemics; followed with electrical speed. Continental makers of idols seized the opportunity to do a little business in their particular line, and ship-loads of crucifixes, beads, and Madonnas, landed upon the shores of England. Literature received an amazing impulse. The press had no rest night nor day; the Prime Minister became a model letter-writer; even the bench of bishops tried to be eloquent; and from south to north, from east to west, nothing was heard but cries of 'No Popery!' whilst many a group of village rustics were edified and enlightened by blazing effigies of the Pope!

There were some men in England, however, men of deep thought, patriotic feelings, and Christian principle, who said, All this will not do. This excitement, pleasing enough in one sense, cannot last; and in proportion to its intensity will be the completeness of the collapse—a collapse of which the disciples of Pusey and the children of Pio will take advantage, make common cause, mature their plans, and overrun the land, if a more sober course be not adopted, and if weapons of superior temper be not brought into the field. So far as this aggression is a civil offence, let legislation meet it; but the religious error, both that which is of home-growth and that which has been imported, must be met by the only successful repellent—*Divine truth*. Acting upon this suggestion, public meetings have been convened, and lectures and sermons delivered, exposing the doctrinal and practical errors of the Papacy. The people—respecting whom it is no libel to say that three-fourths of them were ignorant of the true character of Popery—have thus been informed what that system is against which we are again called to protest—a protest, we must add, in grief and sorrow, not unmingled with indignation, which would be unnecessary but for the inefficacy of that great national establishment which costs so much, and the perfidy of that great university which proudly shuts its doors in the face of the evangelical Dissenter. The former, boasting itself the bulwark of Protestantism, stands before the world convicted of disgraceful failure; the latter, enormously endowed to keep the fountain pure, has systematically poisoned it from the red cup of Antichrist. We are, then, to all appearance, thrown back more than a century in our ecclesiastical career as a people, and have to

begin *de novo* the great work of Church regeneration. It is well that the clergy, as in the book before us—to which we shall pay our respects presently—are calling the attention of their congregations to the errors of Papal Rome; but let us here ask, with all seriousness, whether the work of Church regeneration, to which the rise of Tractarianism and the advent of Popery loudly summon us, ought not to have been anticipated, and by anticipation rendered unnecessary? Would not the separation of the Church from the State, had that measure been carried into effect twenty years ago, when there was so much said about it, have greatly increased the vigilance and fidelity of the episcopal clergy; have thrown them upon the study of the Bible and the affections of their flocks; have led to the interchange of friendly feelings between them and other classes of religionists; have filled up one of the great rents of ecclesiastical society in this country, through which, and because of which, Popery hopes to effect an entire entrance; and have left the Government at liberty to deal with those secular affairs which come within its sphere, instead of meddling with doctrinal questions, of which it knows nothing, and turning religion into ridicule by converting the House of Commons into a college of theological wranglers? Or if this question be thought too comprehensive, let us ask one frequently proposed by the more cautious class of reformers, who deem it wise to seek a piecemeal removal of the deformities under review—Had the universities been thrown open thirty or forty years ago to all classes of the community, would not the inconceivable ignorance of Christianity, and the consequent doctrinal errors which characterise them, have been, to a great degree, if not entirely, prevented? University reform has become one of the questions of the day;—that it is most urgently needed, none but those who feed upon corruption will deny. We are not now arguing the question whether young men contemplating the learned professions among Nonconformists would be benefited by a residence at Oxford or Cambridge, but whether the legal right to do so, had it been granted at the period mentioned, would not have greatly tended to keep in check the heresies now rampant there? One thing is certain: the invidious conduct of a nation, which alienates one class of its subjects from another by factitious religious distinctions, investing one party with special immunities, and attaching to another badges of disqualification for conscience-sake, is sure, sooner or later, to reap the bitter fruits of its unwise partiality. So it has been in this case. The patronage lavished on one class of the community, not more loyal, not more enlightened than the rest, has tended to involve both the Government and the nation amidst ecclesiastical strifes and Papal

'mummeries,' from which it was thought that very patronage would for ever preserve both.

Now, it is not yet too late to put these questions and make these remarks. Another warning of a most startling kind has been given to the country. Will it 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the meaning of the voice? or will it persevere in its ruinous career, by continuing to buttress the Establishment, to wink at the apostasy of Oxford, to pay a yearly largess to Maynooth, and to fill the pockets of Roman ecclesiastics in all our colonies? It is sheer waste of time and parchment to talk grandiloquently in the Houses of Parliament about Papal aggression, and to affect legislation thereon, if these things are to continue as in years past. The inconsistency of such procedure is manifest; the thing is self-destructive; salutary results from it are impossible. While Romanism is being strengthened by state pay in Ireland and the extremities of the empire, it can afford to smile at a bill levelled against its metropolitan representative. How the minister can, with the same hand, draw up a bill against ecclesiastical *titles*, and pay money to ecclesiastical *officials*—titles claimed by, and officials belonging to, a party whose religious views he denounces—is more than our philosophy can divine. Doubtless he has a principle of reconciliation to which we, in the obscurer walks of life, are strangers; but, on the other hand, we say fearlessly, with all our abhorrence of Popery, the moment it is proposed in Parliament to withdraw all grants from Romish institutions and ecclesiastics, it must also be proposed to leave the Episcopal Church to the voluntary support of its adherents. Consistency requires this; equal justice to all parties requires it; and, especially if Protestantism be a far higher type of truth than Popery, the honour of that truth demands it. We have had more than enough of the sophism that Protestantism ought to be established because it is the true religion. Admitting the predicate, our proposition is this: Protestantism ought *not* to be established, *because* it is the true religion. Our space will not permit us to enlarge on this proposition; but if it be tenable, it strikes at the root of all state endowments of religion whatever; for obviously, if that which is true ought not, for that very reason, to receive state support of the kind under notice, no rational man would plead for government patronage to error for the express purpose of giving it perpetuity. Our reading of the Divine Book has taught us that the Christian religion is destined to a glorious universality, and to co-exist with the duration of the human race, notwithstanding the *hostility* of nations and governments; our reading of history has shown us that the worst thing that ever befel it was when it bartered at once its liberty and purity for

the embrace of kings; and all the world knows that it exists at this day in England and other countries, among various bodies of Dissenters, in as much scriptural integrity, to say the least, as it does in that community which basks in the sunshine of royal favour. Nay, it is demonstrable that Christianity has existed in the earth for eighteen centuries, and always, in its purest forms, independently of the State. We think upon the whole, then, that *now* is the time seriously to raise the question of liberating the Church from State bondage, and purifying her from the influence of the corruption which is its invariable co-relative. Additional reasons for this opinion flow upon us, but we must dismiss them all to make room for those which are suggested by the Lectures before us.

Protestant protests, to be of much moral weight, must come from those who are dissociated from every system constitutionally liable to fall into Romish errors. The more complete the conscientious secession from such system, the greater the power contained in the protest; but if, on the other hand, the protesting party has an obvious personal or pecuniary interest to maintain, as well as the cause of truth, though he may be utterly unconscious of any influence exercised upon his mind by the former, and so far as he knows himself solicitous only for the purity of truth, the advocate of the system protested against will not give him credit for a single eye to the glory of God. If it be said, 'This cannot be helped, the purity of the protestor's motives being known to himself, his testimony ought not to be weakened by the suspicions of his opponent;' we reply, It can be helped; and the upright Protestant should give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully; he should not permit his good to be evil spoken of; he should cut off occasion from those who desire occasion; he should not only place his love for scriptural truth in the fore-ground, but should readily submit to worldly sacrifices—that it may be made manifest that love for truth is his only, his exclusive motive; and he should take joyfully the spoiling of his goods, if need be, so that it may be clear to every spectator that the sublime principles for which he contends fill his soul to the exclusion of everything else. The most galling thing, in our estimation, that ever came from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman, is that passage wherein he declares that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are welcome to the rich revenues of the venerable abbey: he will not disturb them in their luxurious possession; he will not touch their gold; no sordid considerations animate his mind; his object is higher and holier; he seeks the enlightenment and conversion of the wretched masses of neglected human beings that crowd the purlieus of Westminster Cathedral, and bear

testimony to the utter uselessness of the ecclesiastics who fatten there. We have nothing to do with the sincerity of the writer of this passage; but if those whom it concerns did not feel the severe reproof it administers, we can only attribute their insensibility to the influence of the rich revenues in question. What a thrilling response would it have been to the sarcastic Romanist, had those clergymen stepped out before the world, and rejoined, 'No! it shall never be said—there shall not even remain the smallest ground for suspicion—that gold or worldly status has anything to do with the depth of our convictions as Protestants, and the sincerity and earnestness of our protest against the ruinous doctrines of Rome. In proof that reverence for the sole authority of Jesus Christ, and love to the souls of men, control us in this great question, we hereby surrender all the revenues hitherto connected with our office into the hands of the Government of the country, and throw ourselves with unshaken confidence upon the providence of Almighty God.' We ask, if such a step, on the part of the Westminster clergy alone, would not have been a far more telling protest than ten thousand Protestant lectures and sermons by clergymen who, while denouncing Papal errors, choose to remain the advocates and to eat the bread of a system which is convicted before Europe of a constitutional tendency to produce the very errors in question? We contend, in a word, that the battle between Romanism and the Church of England is an unfair one. The parties are not on equal terms. The truth which is in the latter loses half its power, in consequence of its secular bondage. The error which is in the former loses half its paralyzing tendency upon the actions of its advocates, because of their freedom. This is a solemn truth. Would that it may be considered!

The Lectures before us, eight in number, by seven clergymen of the Church of England, are, generally speaking, sound in doctrine; but from the considerations already adduced, they will be shorn of their power in quarters where otherwise they might have rendered good service. This we most sincerely regret, partly from our respect for the men whose names they bear, but chiefly from our earnest desire that the vigour of Protestantism may not be weakened by infelicitous associations. The first and last lectures on 'The Rule of Faith,' and 'Supremacy,' are by the Rev. Charlton Lane, M.A., incumbent of St. Mark's, Kennington, in which Dr. Wiseman's Lectures are examined with respectable ability. 'Christ's One Oblation,' by the Rev. William Curling, M.A., chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark, is a plain discourse, which a humble Christian may profitably read in his closet, and feel his heart bettered by the exercise; but as an exposure of the impious absurdities against which it is pro-

fessedly directed, it is not worth much, having little point and power. The same praise and the same drawback belong to 'Justification,' by the Rev. Denis Kelly, M.A., incumbent of Trinity Church, Gough-square, Fleet-street. We should have rejoiced to see this magnificent doctrine wielded with power. In the hands of Luther, it accomplished the first, and, if we mistake not, it is destined to play no inferior part in the second, Reformation; but 'alas!' the frequent 'oh!' 'ah!' and 'alas!' of the reverend preacher are not likely to make much impression on the intellectual gainsayer. 'The Church' is a clear, able, and logical discourse, by the Rev. George Fisk, LL.B., prebendary of Lichfield, and incumbent of Christ Chapel, St. John's-wood. He defines the Church so well that we lose sight of the Establishment, and recognise only the great spiritual brotherhood of believers. The following advice is worth adoption by all his brethren:—

'Let us test all our principles, and review all our practice, by the authority and in the light of holy Scripture alone. Evil days are come, and coming, in which God's people will be sifted and tried; and they will need the largest bestowals of divine grace and power, to stand in the storm-blast that will sweep over the Church and over the world. *Let us not be looking too trustfully to the force of royal prerogatives, or the policy of governments, or the will of parliaments, or the force of popular cries, against a spiritual and temporal aggressor in the land, whose purposes are neither denied nor concealed; but let us look higher.*'—P. 123.

'Popish Abuses' engage the attention of the Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A., perpetual curate of All Saints, Gordon-square; a large theme, certainly! but he dwells chiefly on Indulgences and Purgatory, and says some good and true things. The next lecture is on the 'Sacraments,' by the Rev. J. W. Watson, M.A., incumbent of Beresford Chapel, Walworth; here we find that

'The Church of England and the Church of Rome, however widely they may differ in other respects, are agreed on these three points with regard to a true sacrament:—

'A true sacrament must have been instituted by Christ himself.

'A true sacrament must have an outward sign.

'A true sacrament must convey inward grace.'

Apprehensive that we had fallen upon baptismal regeneration, we hastened to the exposition of the third 'point,' and found the weighty question disposed of thus:—

'In this divinely-appointed ordinance, we behold an outward and visible sign, even water; and we heartily pray that the inward grace may be imparted, even remission of sins, and the washing of regeneration.'—P. 161.

But what think our readers of this?—

• When did Christ institute confirmation? Confirmation, itself, we hold to be a wise institution of the Church, and an almost indispensable sequel of infant baptism. . . . Before the Church of Rome curses us for not allowing confirmation to rank as a sacrament, let that Church tell us, who have the Bible in our hands, and who are not wholly unacquainted with its contents, when Christ instituted confirmation, and what he appointed to be its outward sign?—Pp. 165, 166.

Now we submit that any Protestant clergyman who, to save both his reputation for scriptural knowledge and the Church of which he is a minister, is obliged to talk in this way, is no match for a Romish controvertist. Were we Romanists, we should ask no more than this passage with which to vindicate all the institutions of our Church, and to reduce our Protestant opponent to very small dimensions. Mr. Watson, as a scripture-reader, acknowledges heartily that confirmation is not a scriptural ordinance, and that the Lord Jesus Christ never appointed it to be observed by his people. Good. True. What then? ‘Why do you who profess to take the Bible only,’ we suppose the Roman Catholic asking, ‘as your rule of faith, and religious ordinances, observe it, if Christ did not ordain its observance?’ Our lecturer replies, ‘We hold it to be a wise institution of the Church.’ ‘*Of the Church?*’ shouts the Romanist: ‘then, if *your* Church may add to the Scriptures, and institute ordinances—no matter what you call them—on the same principle, surely, the Church of Rome is equally at liberty to institute seven sacraments; or, for that matter, seventy, if to her it seem good.’ Now, it is quite clear that the reply of the Romanist is unanswerable. If Protestant clergymen are compelled to defend their Church in this way, it is but too obvious that the Protestant argument must suffer irreparable damage in their hands. We deny that any church has power to add a word to the sacred Scriptures, or to take a word therefrom; and on that denial, we are compelled to denounce the constitution and not a few of the institutions of the Church of England with as great earnestness as we do those of apostate Rome itself. *Our* protest, in one word, is against *every* religious doctrine and practice which cannot be supported by the clear authority of the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

ART. V.—*A Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers.* By the Rev. Moses Margoliouth. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

No province in the region of travel has been so well explored as Palestine. It is as familiar to us, almost, as our native land. From Josephus, down to the present time, we have had no lack of narrative and description. It has formed a theme on which tourists and philosophers have expended their erudition and eloquence; and poets, their inspiration. Varthema saw the 'guilty cities,' 'with goodly chapiters adorned,' beneath the sulphureous waters of the Dead Sea. Irenæus records the mysterious conservation of the 'Pillar of Salt.' In later times, the sacred soil of Palestine has been trodden by the learned and indefatigable Burchardt; by the elegant narrators, Irby and Mangles; by Chateaubriand and Lamar-tine; by the facetious Stephens; by Lord Lindsay; by the erudite biblical expositor Robinson; and by the still more recent American explorers of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The aggregation of these writers, with that of many others of equal value, or of less worthy notoriety, supplies the facts and descriptions of that ancient land of the Israelite: facts which interest us, however trivial; descriptions which often enchant us by their melody and power. Or, if we would see that land pass in living forms before us, we can turn to the masterly sketches of Mr. Bartlett; or we may wander through the streets of Jerusalem, round the mosque of Omar, through the valley of Jehoshaphat, and over the Mount of Olives, with Brunetti's finished model of the Holy City. We know, almost to a mile, the length and breadth of the land of Palestine. The road from Beyrout to Tiberias, thence to Jerusalem, and on to Joppa, we could trace with the same precision as a road we have travelled over a hundred times. The tree where Rachel was buried, we know as well as the old elm-tree growing in the lane where we spent our boyhood. The lake of Tiberias is as familiar as the pond where we baited our first fish-hook; or made our first essay to swim. The hills where we have rambled in the month of June, are not more clearly traced on our memory than are the Tabor of tradition, Ebal, or Carmel; or the lofty pass of Llanberis, or the still more majestic Snowdon, than the terraces of Mount Hor, or the stupendous peaks and frowning ravines of Sinai. The monks in the convent of St. Catherine are familiar friends. We seem to have chatted with them many a pleasant evening. We account ourselves rich in the antiquarian lore of Masada and Wady Mokatteb. And since the careful researches of Lynch and Dale, we think the know-

ledge of that land complete, by tracing the Jordan through all its windings and down its rapids, from its source at the north of the town of Hâsbeya, until its course, tortuous and swift, is terminated at the entrance to the Dead Sea; while that mysterious lake, the lake Asphaltites, now lies before us, mapped out with painful precision; confirming our belief in the narrative of holy Scripture concerning the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and, at the same time, leaving nothing to be desired relative to the topography of that country, except that the valley of El-Ghor had been explored by the same diligent and able men, as far as the Gulf of Akaba—the Eleanitic arm of the Red Sea.

We do not complain of all this. We only complain when we are compelled to wade through a mass of needless detail, and intolerable narrative, to gather facts wherewith to enrich our general store. Palestine is the land towards which the devout will ever turn with no common interest. There are associations clustering round it, too tender to be ruthlessly severed; and there are lessons to be learnt from its history, such as no other nation can supply; while, above all, the development of the Christian religion in its rise and earliest progress, is inwrought, in conjunction with the order of faith and worship to which it succeeded, and of which it was the antitype, with the entire records of the ‘chosen people.’ The interest attaching to that land is not the monopoly of the Jew; but it is the property of all people and for all times. There is no need to defend this enthusiasm: its defence is in the statement of the fact. Nor shall we be subjected to remonstrance if we give the rein to imagination, and rapidly review the scenes and circumstances that raise Judea above all other nations, in the estimation of the thoughtful and the devout.

Palestine is the land of which the records are brought down from the antiquity of three thousand years; nor do they rise in the region of tradition and of myths. They are established with all the certainty of historic narration, and with all the precision of men who write of what they have both seen and heard, and have often conspired to perform. This is the land which the Lord showed to Moses, after he had brought the children of Israel through the perils of the wilderness; ‘all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar;’ but which he was not permitted to enter. Here it was the ‘chosen people’ overthrew ‘the cities of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites,

and the Jebusites,' and parcelled out, under Divine sanction, to themselves and to their children, 'the land flowing with milk and honey,' with the spoils of the ancient idolatrous possessors of the soil. Here those wondrous achievements were performed, of which Joshua, and Deborah, and Gideon, and Samson, and David, are the heroes. Here the prophets lived—the men with whom the Spirit of Jehovah dwelt, filling them with mighty thoughts touching futurity, before profane history had done more than to struggle for existence in the semi-authentic era of tradition and fabulous story. These prophets were men of gigantic minds. They were formed to govern. If anything was needed to add authority to the messages they delivered to the people, it was their commanding genius, and oftentimes their princely rank. They lived apart. They were men whose style of thought came from the verdant fields, the vineyards, and the sunny skies of their favoured land; or from the towering rocks, with the whirlwind and the storm. Isaiah, as he unrolls, in lofty song, the coming history of his people and the world, we rank far above Homer, Dante, and Milton; for he spoke by the special inspiration of God. Were there no other reason save that Palestine was the birthplace and the fatherland of such a race as this, we should turn towards it with all the devotion of pilgrims to the shrines of genius, in comparison with which the classic ground of Greece has inferior charms; the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with all their remains, are but a heap of stones and dust; and the Pyramids and hieroglyphics of Egypt as worthy only of a passing glance, and but a momentary thought.

But when we remember that Palestine was the place where God established his own worship; set up his own order of precepts and ritual observances; erected the theatre whereon to work out the problems of providential guidance and man's spiritual redemption; and instituted a probationary discipline for the world ere he brought in the final and perfect form of universal religion; we are impressed with a wondering awe, and feel a deep devotion as we first set foot on the shore of that sacred land.

Yet what can we say more, as we call to mind once again that it was on this spot the Saviour trod, and taught, and suffered, and died? We fall down and worship in the presence of Him who sent that Son to be, before a guilty world, 'the glory of the Father and the express image of his person.' And as we follow his footsteps through that land, we feel as though we were walking with incarnate Deity. In Bethlehem we bow with the Magi before the Redeemer, 'wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' In Nazareth we learn to honour our parents, and, like him, to be in subjection to them. In Jordan

we own the Messiah, the sent one, and we accept his call 'to repentance.' In Capernaum, at the lake of Tiberias, at Nain, in Decapolis, throughout Perea, at Bethany, and at Jerusalem, we listen with reverence to his discourses, or wonder at the power of his word. To us is then fulfilled the prediction of the prophet, 'Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.' On the Mount of Transfiguration we catch a glimpse of the invisible. In Gethsemane we heave a stifled groan. At the cross and at the sepulchre we wonder where the scene will end. On the road to Emmaus our hearts burn within us as he talks to us by the way, and opens to us the scriptures; while on the Mount of Olives, a little on this side Bethany, we see him ascend to heaven, and know then that he is gone to his Father and to our Father, to his God and to our God. Then does he become to us the illustrious personage who by his Spirit, his apostles, and his grace, will 'restore the kingdom to Israel.'

The triumph of the material over the spiritual in man was the dominant and guiding principle in the Crusades. The ritualism and priestcraft of the Romish priesthood had substituted reverence for the outward and visible, for the inward and eternal. Christianity has legislated for man in his complex nature; but she has given the external to be the servant of the spiritual. The priesthood of Rome reversed the order, and destroyed the harmony of Christ's work. Hence her devotees were worshippers at the shrines of saints rather than at the footstool of Jehovah. To kiss the relics of the pseudo-saint was more meritorious than the curbing of the lusts, and a Paternoster or an Ave Maria more devout than the secret surrender of the mind to the power and presence of the Divine Spirit. Then when the holy sepulchre fell into the hands of the infidels, the cry arose through Europe 'To the rescue.' Peter the Hermit rung the tocsin in willing ears. They worshipped the material, 'not seeing Him who is invisible.' But while we thus scrutinize and condemn the principle on which they acted as antagonistic to the entire arrangement of the gospel, we cannot but admire the devotion with which all ranks of the people flocked to the standard of the Cross. Warriors donned the helmet, and threw the scarf of the red-cross knight over their shoulders. Pilgrims gathered in thousands to enter with the victorious armies into the recaptured city; and from all Christendom one universal cry arose, 'Away to the Holy Land.' Nor are we sure that had our lot been cast in that adventurous, but darkened age, when priestcraft was in its zenith, and chivalry in its meridian splen-

dour, we should not ourselves have become crusaders, and have planted the standard of Godfrey of Bouillon on the walls of Jerusalem, or have perished, as many a brave warrior perished, on the burning plains or in the deep gorges of the East.

That rude and barbarous age is past, and an age has succeeded in which a clearer perception obtains of what religion demands at the hands of her disciples. The spirit of chivalry has retired before the spirit of travel and intercommunication. We still honour the soil of Palestine, but it is not superstitiously. The interest we feel in all that pertains to that land is the reflected, and not the intrinsic worth—the interest of association, not that of meritorious efficacy, attaching to scenes and spots where such mighty works have been performed, and such divine truths revealed.

These remarks have been elicited by the title of the work now before us, though they have not been the fruit of sympathetic action between our own mind and the work itself. We have read many books of travel, but we have never, so far as we remember, been so much disappointed as in the case of Mr. Margoliouth's *Pilgrimage*. Apropos of the pilgrimage. It is not a pilgrimage to the land of his fathers, even granting that he is himself of Jewish extraction, that is, if his 'fathers' lived in Palestine, for we have here two octavo volumes, of 867 pages; but of the whole work, allowing from the day he landed at Beyrout to the end of his task, we find only 216 pages devoted to 'the land of his fathers.' It might have been called a pilgrimage anywhere else, unless he takes shelter under the word 'pilgrimage,' and claims, by virtue of it, to take notes of all things in heaven and on earth that may chance to catch his fugitive thoughts by the way. If this be so, he might as well have closed his book at Beyrout. The terms of his pilgrimage would then have been satisfied; or he might have visited the four quarters of the globe, instead of but three, before he had condescended to bring that pilgrimage to a close. But if a pilgrimage to any place or country implies that such place or country is the chief object of the journey, then we are at a loss to conceive how Mr. Margoliouth can be excused for compiling a work, the contents of which bear no manner of relation to the title-page.

But we have more serious charges to bring against him. The style in which this work is written reflects little credit upon the author as a scholar versed in the English, whatever he may be in the Hebrew tongue. His use of terms is often ungrammatical, as when he uses an adjective in place of an adverb. His relatives and antecedents are frequently too involved to be

referred each to either. He delights in puns of the most puerile description. In writing to Dr. Eyssenhardt, he plays upon his own and the Doctor's names:—'I have no predilection for exposing myself to the 'severe rubs' of *hard iron* (the literal meaning of Eyssenhardt). Poor pearl (the meaning of Margoliouth) will stand a bad chance when brought into collision with such metal as you are made of, and surnamed after.' Our advice to Mr. Margoliouth would have been, to keep out of his way. He says of one named Felix that he died 'infelice;' and, after describing a fulsome reception accorded to him, he adds, 'You may think all this fuss pleased my vanity, but I assure you I felt exceedingly uncomfortable. I felt, using a vulgar expression, that I was made a great *flat* by the weight of *flattery* imposed upon me.' If he knew it to be a vulgarity, we are surprised that he should have allowed it to escape his pen. From playing the punster he descends to slang. In a description of the way in which the Prince of Orange raised funds by which to prosecute the war against James II., he speaks of the Prince as lacking 'the *needful*.' A friend whom he meets he describes as 'a John Bull to the backbone;' while such vulgarisms as 'a couple of laughable incidents,' 'a nice long letter,' 'fancy,' 'just fancy,' 'only fancy,' 'I flatter myself,' interlard a style sufficiently barbarous without them.

But we must not forget that he deprecates criticism upon his English, because it is not his native tongue. Yet we find that he is the author of five other books already, by no means inconsiderable; or if he found such difficulty in casting his thoughts in an English mould, why did he not write in his native tongue, and leave the editing of his work in English to more able hands? But in whatever language he had written, though the venial sins we have above mentioned might have been avoided, the inherent faults of his work would have been beyond a cure.

We have a word to say on the foundation of the work. As a book of travels we might have had the information in a continuous narrative; or, if it pleased the author better, in a series of letters to a friend. The series of letters we have, but the parties to whom they are addressed are scattered over Europe. This pilgrimage is sent hither and thither, dispersed in detached pieces, some to Germany, some to Poland, some to Gibraltar, some to England, some to Wales, and some across the Irish Channel. The consequence of this arrangement has been the utmost confusion to the continuous reader; the constant explanations of previous letters to such of his correspondents who have not seen them, involving often the repetition of facts, and forming altogether the most heterogeneous assemblage of inter-

jectional hints, distorted descriptions, and patchwork editing, as can seldom be equalled, and never can be surpassed. Thus he writes:—‘I am going to send to Lady Powiscount a translation of a laconic letter I sent to my mother.’ Again, to make the contents of a letter intelligible to the Bishop of Down and Connor, he refers him to a preceding letter sent to the Bishop of Cork, which, he says, he had requested should be read to his lordship when the Bishop of Cork had done with it.

Even this is less excusable when we inquire into the character and rank of those to whom he has addressed his letters. We have here, in running down the names in the table of contents, the Archbishops of Dublin, Canterbury, and York; the Bishops of Norwich, Cork, Down and Connor, and Gibraltar; Chancellor Raikes; Lord and Lady Powiscount, and Lord and Lady Lindsay; Sir Thomas Baring; Lord Palmerston; the Duchess of Manchester; and Drs. Neander and Eyssenhardt. Looking seriously on such a fact as this, we accuse Mr. Margoliouth of compliment to titled men and women, of the most fulsome and disgusting description. They are addressed with the most familiar nonchalance, as though he would say, ‘see how intimate we are.’ He fawns on them as a spaniel fawns on the lap of its mistress, and challenges contempt by the sycophancy of his adulation. But this we cannot away with. This is not the age of servility, and of mean cringing to the titled holders of places; or if it be, there are some of the guardians of public virtue who will take leave to frown upon it, and to denounce it as unworthy of the man, the Christian, and much more of the divine. Our indignation is equalled only by the surprise we feel at being informed that a clergyman, with acquaintances so powerful, both in the temporal and the spiritual world, is only a curate in one of the parishes of the North-west of England.

We are now prepared to hear that the man who stoops to court the great and titled as Mr. Margoliouth has done, can claim, when occasion serves, equal tribute to himself. We often find him engaged in earnest controversy with champions of the Jewish faith; but the narrative of the strife appropriately terminates in the confusion of his enemies and his own corresponding triumph. In vol. ii. p. 169, he says: ‘I wish I could give you portraits of the Doctor’s (a Jew) visage, before and after my reply: Dr. D. was fairly done. His packed audience could do nothing for him; on the contrary, they aggravated his mortification, by saying, “Doctor, why don’t you answer?” &c. . . . Exactly the same scene happened here yesterday on board. A venerable-looking Hebrew pilgrim, well versed in the Old Testament Scriptures, volunteered to stop my mouth henceforth and for ever about the inspiration of the New Testament.

In short, he acted Dr. D. upon me, and shared his fate. I shall never forget the rueful countenances my Hebrew antagonists presented.' Such vaunts ill-become the defender of the Christian faith. Had he given us the conversations, in an intelligible form, he might have left his readers to draw the conclusion against his opponents. Similar specimens of vanity occur continually throughout the work.

Take another instance. He was in the Bibliothèque Royale, attentively copying from some Hebrew folio. A party appeared, the senior of which addressed him : ' Pardon me, sir, I was not aware that you are a Hebrew: I took you, from your dress, for an English clergyman.' He replies—and then: ' I overheard a whisper emanating from the lips of the old lady, " Ask him to honour us with his *charming* company home." The whisper was caught up by the bystanders, and all the ruby lips of the fair portion of our circle echoed the request, and their sparkling eyes seemed (eyes send back an echo!) to re-echo the same.' He accepted the invitation, ' while there was a mysterious delight in each visage, and an eager impatience for my affirmative reply.' As they are passing away, ' I made an effort to be polite; offered the young lady my arm, which I flatter myself she accepted *con amore*.' He narrates the substance of their conversation on the way home, during ' a walk of an hour and a half.' That he could write the following without an intuitive perception of its utter ridiculousness, exceeds belief: ' I was extremely chagrined when we arrived at the terminus of our walk. I said, " What a short distance you live from the library." I really thought so. To which Miss M. replied, with the most genuine *laissez aller insouciance*, " The pleasure seems to have been mutual. I never recollect a time when a walk appeared more brief to me than to-day. We are five miles from the Bibliothèque Royale. Your instructive conversation annihilated the distance most effectually." I returned the compliment—nay, it was no compliment, but sober truth—and said, " It was your melodious voice, and transcendently instructive, and peculiarly interesting narrative that beguiled this distance. I earnestly regret that the space is not multiplied tenfold, so that I might have been privileged to hang a little longer on lips that drop words ' sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb.' " I know not what more I might have said, most probably much more than I would have relished to remember or think of.' We think he has said enough; if, indeed, he ever uttered such exclamations in the ear of any lady, without severe rebuke. Need Mr. Margoliouth be told that he has compared the words of the lady to the divine truths of which the Psalmist says, ' they are sweeter

also than the honey or the honeycomb ?' As to hanging longer on her lips, we had rather not for ourselves be encumbered with such a piece of pendant folly.

This passage is not the only one wherein he has played at will with the style and phraseology of Scripture. Were he other than a clergyman, we would not suffer such freedom to pass without rebuke. In his letter to the Bishop of Down and Connor, we find this expression—'that my epistle be read in the palace of Down and Connor.' Had Mr. Margoliouth forgotten that Paul has employed this phraseology, touching one of his epistles ? Again, he adopts the formula of the compiler of the Book of Kings: 'The rest of the things which I saw and heard that day, are they not written in the book in which I chronicle all the events that pass before me ?' Nor are we disposed to be less severe when we find him speaking of one of the most unhappy of Scripture characters, one of which we have ever thought with mournful sadness, and with a prayer that we may never imitate her folly and guilt, in such a flippant strain as the following :—'Mrs. Lot, we have reason to believe, stands at the extreme south, and I was standing at the extreme north of the Dead Sea, and I therefore could not see her this time.' This statement we cannot let pass for another reason. We do not believe in the existence of this monument of the Divine vengeance. That a pillar of salt is to be found at the South-eastern point of the Dead Sea, we know to be true ; but that it is the pillar of salt into which the guilty woman was transformed, we have no belief ; nor can any one look at the configuration of the mountain of rock-salt behind the pillar, as given in Lynch's work, without seeing at once the agency by which the column in question was formed. That it has not been destroyed, is due to the thick capping of limestone with which it is surmounted. Besides, the pillar stands too far from the scene of destruction ; it is a sufficient answer to the attempt to identify this column with Lot's wife, to say that this pillar is in itself forty feet high, and stands on a pedestal forty or sixty feet above the level of the sea.

We shall now give a specimen or two of his style of criticism. In commenting on the word 'Bekka,' he says :—'Now for a word of criticism about the etymology of the name Bekka, or Baca, as some choose to spell it. Pray bear with me. I am about to disagree with all writing travellers. I cannot help it when I think they are wrong. Attribute it to my infirmity.' If infirmity be the reason of the criticism, there is an end of it. We care not to listen to the lucubrations of a diseased mind. If this criticism be the result of conviction, why not say so, and leave his readers to judge whether he be 'infirm' or not.

But we have been most amused at the unique and altogether original manner in which he disposes of Antichrist, and arranges the scene of his final triumphs, previously to his overthrow. We never remember, in the midst of all the absurdities that have been written on this subject, to have seen this quotation surpassed. Referring to the rumour that 'the Pope intends to remove his seat to Jerusalem,' he says: 'with reference to the latter, I have a word to say. Whether Pio Nono is the Pontiff who will establish himself in this city, or one of his yet unborn successors, I care not; but if a Pope is to be *the* 'Antichrist,' I believe that Pope will settle here, and enact all the horrors foretold by the great apostle. I do not believe that St. Peter's, at Rome, is meant (referring to 2 Thess. ii. 3, 4), by "the Temple of God." I believe that the man of sin, when revealed, will make Jerusalem his theatre, and Mount Moriah his stage. This son of perdition will most likely be a Pope, but an apostate one, who will "deny the Father and the Son," but may get, by some means, possession of the mosque of Omar, which is still called the Temple of God both by Jews and Mohammedans; and that temple stood there in the days of the apostle.' By what means this conquest is to be effected, he does not inform his readers. Nor does he inform us with what scenic accompaniments the stage on Moriah is to be fitted up, nor who will constitute the spectators in the somewhat limited theatre of Jerusalem; while we are utterly at a loss to reconcile our dates with his, for we thought the mosque of Omar was of somewhat later date than the days of the apostle. However, we will give him the full benefit of his own figurative defence: 'I hope your grace will kindly excuse these crudities. My multifarious correspondence does not allow me sufficient time for *pruning* and *polishing* my sentences.' But the British public have a right to demand that an author who inflicts on them two volumes of such size as the present, *should* take time to remove such crudities; nor be doomed to discover, after purchasing the work, that they have fallen into the hands of a writer who is too busy to ascertain even the correctness of his facts.

But we suspect Mr. Margoliouth simply of 'book-making;' for what do we find? We find thirty-seven pages occupied with the trial of one Paolo Longar. And the trial is told with all the minutiae of an Old Bailey report. Again, we have seventeen pages taken up with a memorial from the Church of Scotland to Lord Palmerston touching the conversion of the Jews. We pass on, and we find twenty-four pages occupied with the 230 questions that Ibn Salaam put to Mohammed, when half-a-dozen would have sufficed to have established the data, and to have satisfied the reader. Then we have the narrative of the wreck

of the *Avenger* on the coast of Africa, about which, in detached places, no less than thirteen pages are occupied. And, lastly—not to mention more—there are five pages filled by a memorial from the Jews at Safet praying her Majesty to appoint them a consul. A more flagrant case of sheer book-making than this work exhibits we have seldom known.

All that may be supposed to make a book of travels interesting is wanting here. Even much of the information he has furnished relating to his Jewish brethren had better not have been told, than have been given to us encumbered with such a pedantic display of Hebrew—even to the giving of the text of Scripture, and disfigured with such puerilities as, 'I blushed;' which same information is repeated several times: and again, 'To get rid of the multitudinous questions as to where I would sit, I sat down at once on a velvet chair which stood close to me.' Even the Wady el Mokatteb researches, which he was qualified to prosecute from his knowledge of the Oriental languages, he dismisses by upsetting in one letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, all the theories of preceding writers, and that before he has travelled beyond Paris; and in a second, to the Lord Bishop of Norwich, he confirms his own theory—'his matured opinion of the Sinaite inscriptions;' but tells us he has had no time accurately to examine them; nor does he supply even the scanty data on which these 'matured opinions' have been formed.

The hospitality accorded to him at Paris by the Duke of Manchester he has repaid by telling us, his lordship is chagrined at the review of his work on Prophecy by the 'Quarterly Review;' and he publishes a private note of the Bishop of Jerusalem giving the name of his banker; while he casts back the hospitality of France in the curt and impertinent criticism—'Taking it (France) as a whole, it is a most disgusting country.'

But we have done. The examples we have given are equalled by others that still remain in our note-book. We close the work with surprise and regret—surprise that any man who has written five previous works should give this to the world as his sixth; regret—for we had hoped to derive pleasure and instruction from what has only vexed us with its pedantry, and disgusted us with its trivialities of detail.

ART. VI.—*The Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, with Notes Illustrative, and a Map of Anglo-Saxon England, and a General Index.* London: Henry G. Bohn.

HISTORY is entitled to the foremost place in the literature of a people, because it demands solid and extensive knowledge, great perseverance and ingenuity of thought, and a range of genius sufficiently commanding to sweep the whole territory of its possessions, besides numerous minor faculties and accomplishments, which enable an author to write with perspicuity and fascination. In history, if anywhere within the circle of literature, the rarest and most elevated specimens of moral and intellectual manhood meet subjects sufficiently exalted, and difficulties sufficiently intricate, to tax their strength and skill.

Historical compositions, in rude or more refined forms, are beyond doubt the earliest and most generally known productions of the human mind; for, passing by those wild and vague traditions found amongst savage and barbarous people, what are the mythologies of Greece, Rome, and Scandinavia? what the ballad of the rustic and the song of the Scald and minstrel, and what the romance of later times, except history more or less embellished? History is also the final form of all knowledge; it is the sacred temple wherein are enshrined the characters, fates, thoughts, sayings and doings of the famous actors in past times, together with the results springing from them. It ought, therefore, as far as possible, to be an exact account of the *whole life* of mankind in past ages, as well mental as civil and domestic.

Viewed with respect to its capabilities for usefulness, it is not too much to say, there is no form of literature to which a wise nation should show more attachment or veneration, nor any in which they should demand more vigour of execution and completeness than this; for who knows not, that, next to the influence of equals and contemporaries no earthly force has such power on the human mind as that with which history is instinct. Of the sons of men there are none so high and noble as not to revere its lessons, and none so low as not to hear its voice; over the living generation it can breathe, in a moment of perilous exigency, strength and resolution, or feebleness and despair, and as from the distant past it lifts its voice to rebuke or to encourage, so through the future generations of mankind it must continue to cast abroad its light and shade. Such being the vast capabilities of history, one cannot but regret that it is so seldom

found in a popular form, and makes up so small a part of the general reading of these days. One reason for this may doubtless be found in the unusual amount and highly exciting character of the fiction ever pouring from the press, and becoming increasingly, it is to be feared, a substitute for all solid reading. A still more powerful cause, perhaps, although more indirect, lies in the extraordinary estimate which men have formed of the superiority of these to all preceding times. You can scarcely take up a periodical—you cannot enter a public meeting, without being called on to sing a pæan of joy, in some form, over the safe arrival of this enlightened nineteenth century. Not that we possess any unusual amount of reverent thankfulness for our great advantages, or any deep sense of responsibility on account of the vast treasures handed down from the past; but this is sometimes pretended, because it is a convenient form in which incense may be offered at the shrine of our own vanity, and an imposing dignity thrown around those who fancy that they are determining the destinies of mankind.

Our historians have in general diminished the popularity and real value of their works by confining their investigations to the dignified events and actions of past times. They have, consequently, thrown a direct light only upon those who occupied the high places of power, leaving the condition of the main body of the people in almost total darkness. Eager to exercise what they regard as the highest function of their office, they expend the force of their genius in evolving what they deem the grand lessons of history, and thus become too often in fact nothing higher than teachers of party politics, while they transform their works into a collection of criticisms on the subjects of history.

History would put on numerous charms for all classes of readers, of which it is, in its present state, destitute, did those who undertake to furnish it vigorously endeavour to embrace the *whole life of a community* within the circle of their investigations, honestly labouring to represent *this* as it existed with what of completeness, beauty, and verisimilitude is possible, and banishing from their thought every design beyond and beside this. Were a historical enthusiasm thus pure to prevail, might we not expect from the industry, learning, and cultivation of our countrymen monuments of genius surpassing in value and permanent popularity and usefulness any works yet contained in the department of our national history?

In the meantime, it is not to be forgotten that, if one wishes to gain such acquaintance with history as shall yield permanent satisfaction, he must repair to those more original documents that have become to us ultimate external authorities;

It is in the light of this fact that we appreciate the boon conferred upon the students of history by the publication, in a form so cheap and convenient, of Bede's 'History' and the 'Saxon Chronicle,' and of those other works of lasting value which make up Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

Twelve centuries, prolific of change, and pregnant with mighty consequences, have nearly elapsed since the Venerable Bede, as he is usually styled, wrote his history. It comes to us, therefore, from a remote antiquity, laden with many of the treasures, and not a few of the puerilities, of the distant past, and covered with the reverence of all the successive generations through which it has travelled, to speak of the characters, doings, and fortunes of our Saxon forefathers, during nearly the whole of the first three hundred years of their residence in this country. Of the author little is known, and what we do know is chiefly contained in the account of himself with which he closes his 'Ecclesiastical History.' He was born A.D. 673, about 224 years after the Saxons had come into England.

This latter event, so important in its bearing on the destinies of England, took place in A.D. 449, and under circumstances which were anything but flattering, if we credit Bede, to the courage or sagacity of the natives. It would appear that the Britons, once so famous for their military spirit and discipline, had become incapable of self-defence, and that on the withdrawal of the protection of Rome, they were harassed and plundered by the Scots on the west and the Picts on the north. Driven to extremities, and after repeated unsuccessful supplications for aid to their previous protectors, they solicited assistance from the wandering hordes of warriors then inhabiting Germany.

The cure proved more intolerable than the disease; for, though their old enemies remained within their own territories, the Saxons had no sooner obtained a footing in Britain than, reinforced by fresh accessions of their countrymen, they commenced a protracted struggle for supremacy, and by a series of victories, both in war and in diplomacy, interspersed with partial defeats, became masters of the better half of England before the conclusion of the sixth century, and retained that ascendancy until it was wrested from them at the Norman Conquest. Bede's representation of this matter, there is reason to think, is substantially correct. Britain was, at the time referred to, divided into thirty municipalities, at the head of each of which stood a king or president; and to adapt this system to the prosecution of national purposes, one of these presidents was chosen the supreme ruler, and the municipalities formed a grand confederation of states. Had they chosen to continue in firm union, no external foe could have successfully disturbed them; but,

unfortunately, anarchy and disunion prevailed;—the highest office of the state was held by a disregarded usurper, and the whole country was laid open, without anything like defence, to the ravages of those who were eager to take advantage of such a state of things.

The territory gained by the Saxons was originally divided into what has been called the Heptarchy; but these divisions gradually merged into the four independent kingdoms of Kent, Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria, which, with difficulty, maintained a separate existence until A.D. 800, when Egbert, King of Wessex, reduced the whole into one kingdom.

It is matter of dispute, whether the Saxons completely cleared their territories of the original inhabitants, or merely subjected them to their own purposes and ends. All analogous instances, besides some considerations peculiar to this case, point to the latter conclusion; Hume earnestly contends that the Saxons were compelled either to exterminate or to drive out the natives, in order to make their own lives secure: endeavouring to substantiate this view by the assumption that our institutions, laws, and language, are purely Saxon in their origin. The assumption is destitute of truth, and the alleged necessity could easily be proved fabulous by general considerations, were this necessary. Gildas, the historian of the Britons, who flourished during the period when these things were occurring, charges the Britons with neglecting to instruct the Saxons *amongst* whom they lived in the truths of the Christian religion; and Bede, besides repeating this accusation in the very words of Gildas, tells us plainly, that in his time, the greater part of the subjects of the Northumbrian king were Britons.

From the period of the Saxon usurpation down to the era of the Norman conquest, Britain was the theatre of nearly incessant war. Sometimes the contest was with foreign foes; oftener between Saxon and Briton, and still more frequently between Saxon and Saxon; while those twin-monsters, famine and pestilence, were not seldom seen following the ravages which occurred during these strifes. This state of conflict is the more deeply to be regretted, since we find that our forefathers, when peace did prevail, could place around themselves comfort and abundance, with a rapidity of which it is difficult to form a conception.

Nor was the religious and intellectual condition of the people more satisfactory. The Saxon chiefs were entirely unacquainted with Christianity when they came into England, and they seem to have been brought over to the despised religion of the Britons with great difficulty, after repeated efforts on the part of the missionaries sent by the Pope to instruct them. Even when they

had nominally embraced the Christian faith, and imposed its profession on their subjects, little was done, until the times of Alfred the Great, to educate the people, and give them a command of the sources of knowledge.

The Papal missionaries occupied themselves chiefly in converting kings and princes, leaving the mass of the people, to whom preaching was the only means of obtaining knowledge, to find their way as they best could to the knowledge and belief of Christianity. It does not surprise us, therefore, to learn that those amongst the clergy who were in the habit of itinerating as preachers should find whole districts of the people utterly given up to heathenism, although professedly Christian; and that such of the Saxon kings as renounced, or did not embrace Christianity, found themselves involved in no difficulties on account of the attachment of their subjects to the Christian faith. Preaching, although not yet contemptible in the eyes of a lazy priesthood, was in amount vastly beneath what the exigencies of the population demanded; and there is reason to conclude that what the people did enjoy in this way was sadly destitute of the characteristics of those glad-tidings which formed the theme of apostolic teaching. Long before the time of Bede, the bold and striking outlines of the Christian faith, as drawn by the hand of Prophet, Evangelist, and Apostle, were greatly defaced, and the serious and lovely form of practical Christianity was disfigured with numberless excrescences; some contrary to her spirit—others monstrous—others ridiculous—and all offensive: bereft, too, of that might of weakness with which, in earlier times, she went forth conquering and to conquer—weighed down by a host of senseless ceremonies stolen from the Pagan or the Jew, and leaning mainly upon the arm of earthly power. Need we wonder that she reached the hearts and consciences of our forefathers only in few instances, leaving the mass of the people where she found them, clothed with misery and desolated by vice? Miserable phantasms of a depraved imagination had now taken, or were taking, the places and names of the solemn verities of the religion of Jesus Christ; the perishing multitudes were summoned to partake of the virtue of priestly ceremony, and saintly relic, instead of being led to 'the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel;' and for the *Church*, a congregation of faithful men, regenerated by the Spirit of God, were taught to substitute the unscriptural idea of a consecrated priesthood, clothed with the prerogatives of heaven; for conversion, a mere profession of Christianity; for regeneration, a passing through the waters of outward baptism; and to ensure saintly canonization from the clergy, one had only

to defer to priest and bishop, build churches, found monasteries, or, at the most, journey to Rome, and there bend in unmanly and unhallowed submission to the pretended successor of the prince of the apostles.

Although Rome had not as yet gathered up within herself all power and authority; and though the power and authority she had monopolized was exerted kindly and with a mixture of good amongst the Saxons; she did not for an hour lose sight of her claim to the reverence and submission of the churches, on the ground of her alleged connexion with the prince of the apostles: while those materials were rapidly accumulating out of which she constructed that tremendous despotism which she has wielded in later times. Monasteries and monkery rapidly increased in Britain, aided no less by the unsettled state of civil rule and by the influence of rank and learning, than by the ghostly superstitions and gross corruptions of public sentiment which were rapidly overshadowing the human soul.

It was in the year 675—just two years after the birth of Bede—that Biscop, surnamed Benedict, a powerful thane of Northumbria, seized by the spirit of monasticism then raging in all the freshness of its earliest and purest days, renounced the world, according to the deluded belief of the times, by becoming a monk, and received from the Northumbrian king a territory lying along the sea-coast, between the mouths of the Wear and Tyne, on the banks of which rivers he founded, successively, the twin monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, dedicated respectively to the apostles Peter and Paul.

This Benedict added to the rude accomplishments of a Northumbrian noble the higher qualifications of self-command, an enlarged humanity, and a profound addiction to the pursuits of learning. He appears, in the foundation of these institutions, to have had equally at heart the interests of learning and of religion; and he travelled much in foreign countries, going not fewer than four times to Rome, for the purpose of collecting literary treasures and relics with which to enrich them.

Although these monasteries were founded on the absurd and pernicious assumption that a state of celibacy is purer and more celestial than that of marriage, they afforded numerous advantages for the pursuits of learning which were not to be found beyond their precincts. The insecure tenure by which all secular property was held, the constant ravages to which it was subject, and the prevailing necessity felt by its owners of keeping themselves and their dependents at least in a state of military defence, rendered it necessary for men earnestly bent on the diffusion of learning and religion to throw themselves and their possessions under the broad shield of the Church—whose rights

and possessions were in general held sacred by all parties—in order that they might be able to command that leisure, and those instruments and agents which were indispensable for such purposes.

To the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, while under the rule of such a man as Benedict, we may easily suppose that many men of studious and thoughtful habits gladly repaired, for their own advantage, as well as to diffuse those treasures of learning which he had already accumulated. Here, however, we are not left to conjecture, for Bede enables us to see that such was actually the case.

It was within the territory belonging to these monasteries, and most probably in the village of Jarrow, that Bede was born. This district, and the surrounding territories of the Northumbrian king, lying on the northern borders of the ancient Roman Empire, were more fully peopled by Roman colonists than any other part of Britain, and had, doubtless, received more than any of their neighbours of the culture and civilization which that celebrated people diffused around them. Be this as it may, the district above referred to is not only celebrated in the annals of literature as the birthplace of Bede and Adumnan, Saxon historians, and of Shyworth-Hen, one of the earliest of the British poets; it is most probably the 'northe countrie,' from whence went forth those famous minstrels, with their sweet and stirring song, to kindle the joys and fire the courage of our ancestors in their baronial halls; and it is, undoubtedly, also, one of the earliest and most favourite abodes of the romancers who commanded the attention, and roused the martial enthusiasm and knightly virtues, of later times.

Of the parents of Bede he himself says nothing, and no other historian supplies the deficiency. At the age of seven years he entered the monastery of Wearmouth; and three years afterwards, he was transferred to that of Jarrow, where he remained during the remainder of his life. We have no means of knowing how his education was secured, except as he himself informs us that he received instruction in the study of holy Scriptures and theology from one Trumhere, a monk, who had been educated by Chad, Bishop of Lichfield; and that he was taught the art of chanting, then a novelty in Britain, by John Arch, chanter of St. Peter's at Rome, whom Benedict had brought into Britain, with the Pope's consent; yet from this we may conclude that others would lend their aid to the thoughtful and aspiring monk in the various branches of learning which he afterwards mastered.

But, doubtless, from the thirst for learning diffused through the institution by its enlightened founder, and those kindred spirits which gathered around him, sprang that impulse, which,

acting on a mind of more than ordinary compass and reflectiveness, carried the young and ardent Bede above the ordinary rank of the brotherhood to which he belonged. He appears, from his writings, to have been master of the Latin and Greek languages, and to have had some knowledge of Hebrew, besides possessing a large share of general information on the various subjects of history, astrology, rhetoric, poetry, medicine, and theology. Nor were his religious habits and principles at all inferior to his mental accomplishments, in the estimation of contemporaries; for, so early as his nineteenth year—six years before the ordinary time—we find him admitted, at the instigation of his abbot, to deacon's orders, and performing the duties of that office. Not, however, until his thirty-first year did he become a priest; the period intervening was scrupulously employed in making those large and varied acquirements which fitted him to produce, in after-life, the numerous works which were regarded, in his own time, as of pre-eminent value, and which gained for him a name that was heard far beyond the boundaries of his native land. The circle of Bede's literary intimates was extensive, including some of the highest dignitaries of Church and State, all of whom were profoundly attached to his person, and filled with admiration of his great abilities. To them we are indebted, not only for suggesting the thought of writing a history, but also for a large portion of the materials of which it is made up.

From what has been said, however, we shall form but a very imperfect estimate of the force of Bede's mental capabilities, and of his unbending addiction to study, if we do not take into account the small portion of time which was at his entire disposal. Eight or ten hours, at least, of the best part of the day were regularly demanded for the performance of the duties devolving on him as a member of the monastic fraternity; and if to this we add what was necessary for rest and relaxation, what he spent in teaching others, and what he must have lost by possessing a comparatively weak and sickly frame, only a very small portion of the day could be devoted to study; yet notwithstanding this, Bede has taken a not ignoble place in the temple of literature, from which none can now dislodge him.

In connexion with his death some incidents of exquisite beauty are told in a letter written by one of his pupils, of such a kind as leaves reason to hope that, notwithstanding many sad mistakes into which he fell, and to which we shall presently advert, he left this world for a happier and purer one. His Ecclesiastical History has been often translated into English. Twice, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was rendered into our vernacular tongue, with the intent of helping the haughty

and superstitious Tudor back to Rome. Nor can we say that it has no fitness for such a purpose : because in the most emphatic sense, to use the language of William of Malmesbury, 'Bede wrote books for the Church,' and his history certainly forms no exception. Indeed, one of his chief designs in writing this history was to extend and perpetuate Church authority—to centralize and intensify priestly power—to immortalize those who enriched the Church and made her great—in one word, to make the priesthood, with the Pope of Rome at their head, masters of the world's treasures and supreme umpires amongst mankind. Hence the stern denunciations which we find him uttering against those who spoiled the Church's possessions, or interfered, by Nonconformity, with that outward unity of discipline and ritual which is of such potent efficacy in knitting up every fragment of Church power into a pregnant whole. Hence, also, the outrageous eulogies pronounced over such as favoured her interests and deferred to her authority, and the fond delight with which he lingers over the most trifling details of the life and death of those whom he considered eminent amongst her priesthood ; and hence, too, the care with which he has narrated the innumerable host of incredible miracles said to have been performed by the relics of her enshrined sons, and the not less incredible judgments that broke forth from heaven upon her enemies. Some may wonder how a man of Bede's intelligence and virtue could have erred so egregiously ; yet there can be no doubt that by this work he gave a prodigious impulse to that corrupt spiritual power which a degraded priesthood afterwards wielded with such terrific energy.

If we would understand him, we must remember that the Church was, in his view, the possessor of heaven's most precious treasures ; that at this time she was, in fact, the only apparent home of mercy, charity, and justice, in this world ; that on her ample and increasing domains, and there alone, peace, industry, and abundance, with all the scenes of social joy so grateful to the human spirit, found something like permanence. Then we shall not wonder so much that, captivated with these results, and believing them inherent in the corrupt ecclesiasticism then stretching forth its arms to the bounds of the known world, he overlooked the fact that human depravity, crouching beneath the folds of priestly power, was preparing to wage a more deadly struggle with the dearest interests of man than had ever before occurred in this world. Placed within sight of a slowly retiring heathenism, which was ever ready to start back into possession of its former inheritance, and witnessing the almost daily ravages of the civil rulers of his times, Bede thought he saw in the increasing power of the Church the rising hope of

the world ; and he laboured with much zeal to place her on that lofty eminence which would enable her to hold in check the world's tyrants—to quell those atrocious passions that fling man forward upon man with blood-thirsty intent, and to cast the mild beams of her heavenly light into the darkest and most desolate corners of the world, thereby rendering them fountains of health, and peace, and joy, to the bewildered and miserable children of men.

It will be found, we apprehend, much more difficult to defend him in the *means* which he employs, especially in his giving currency to the lying miracles then bruited abroad by a credulous and corrupt age, with the view of exalting the Church. It is hardly possible that an honest man in any age, with such knowledge of the sacred Scriptures as Bede undoubtedly possessed, could be duped into the belief that Almighty God interposed to work miracles sometimes in forms contemptibly puerile, and always without any important end in view : more particularly when a sordid selfishness is usually seen contending in rude and vulgar rage for the spoils thus obtained. It is no defence to allege that he nowhere professes to have been an eye-witness of the things which he narrates : because he takes great care to impress on his reader the conviction, that what he does bring forward rests on the best authority which testimony can afford ; while he expresses entire faith in their reality, without once hinting at the possibility of his informant being deceived : far less, that for reasons obvious enough, he may have been inclined to tell a very wonderful story. The truth is, therefore, that if we would save Bede's character, we must admit his nearly boundless credulity in such matters ; for not to speak of the total lack of those concurring circumstances which render human testimony of any avail in establishing the reality of miracles, not a few of those so-called miracles, with which he crowds his page, bear the marks of undisguised falsehood, and others are easily enough explained into facts of natural history, not apparently known in his days.

But we have not reached the depth of his offence. Bede labours, with great zeal and dexterity, on behalf of saint-worship, thus robbing the Creator of his just homage, and promoting, amongst his nominal worshippers, the spirit and errors of an effete heathenism.

The Bible teaches that death effects, for a time, a total separation between ourselves and those who have departed hence. It gives no hope that we can influence the state of the dead ; and as little reason to believe that they are within the reach of our call. Now, it is obvious to remark, that no

man can draw the spirits of the redeemed out of their blessed obscurity, and place them in the foreground of that active Providence which encircles us, without diverting human attention from the proper object of dependence; introducing an influence which corrupts and degrades the character; re-instituting one of the most revolting and pernicious elements of heathenism; and making heaven, to the generality of men, but a more familiar pantheon, which shall absorb their homage, and with whose inhabitants they will ever prefer to transact all their spiritual concerns; while that *one presence*, before which, alone, the human soul should bend in penitence, is withdrawn in displeasure, and leaves man a prey to the grossest and most debasing superstition.

Of the kindred error, that saint and saintly relic, priest and priestly ceremony, can become the channels of invisible blessing, we shall only say that, condemned by the word of God as it is, it could yield nothing but evil, and it has yielded that in past times to such a degree as may well make intelligent men shudder at the thought of its ever regaining an ascendancy over mankind.

To this impious system Bede lent the force of his talents and accomplishments; and, by his writings, did much to inveigle and enslave the free and ardent spirit of man to its power. There is, nevertheless, a considerable amount of matter in his history of the utmost value; nor should it be overlooked that to have displayed, by a sincere devotee, the terrible system of error then stretching forth its giant arms to bring the world to its feet, was a service which a wise man can turn to account, though fools are hurried by it to destruction.

His History embraces, professedly, the ecclesiastical history of the Saxons during the first three hundred years of their residence in this country, giving an account of the various efforts made during that period to Christianize the several kingdoms, of the agents employed in this work, and of the kings who reigned successively in the separate territories of Saxon-land: with here and there a glimpse into British and foreign affairs. In proceeding with his history he usually follows the order of time, seizing, as he goes along, and transferring to his page, whatever he finds to his purpose, without much regard to continuity of subject: preserving, generally, a deep seriousness of manner and simplicity of style, and only at rare intervals adorning his communications with the more ambitious robes of an antique oratory.

Of the Saxon Chronicle nothing requires to be said; its name indicates its character; its great value arises from the fact that we have little or nothing besides to aid us in understanding

the history of these times. It forms a fit companion to Bede's Ecclesiastical History ; and both are presented in this edition in their most finished and useful form. To the editor and publisher the public are greatly indebted for this and other valuable documents of our early history, and we trust they will be generously sustained in their heavy undertakings.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Edward Baines, late M. P. for the Borough of Leeds.* By his Son, Edward Baines. 8vo. London : Longman and Co.

A LATE distinguished contributor to this Review, has described the importance of 'decision of character' in a style, both of thought and diction fully worthy of the high moral dignity of that commanding quality ; and it may be truly said, that the life of the late Edward Baines, of Leeds, is one of the best practical realizations of the finely-imagined character of the masterly essayist.

Mr. Edward Baines's memoir of his father—of whom, in the outset, it is no slight praise to say that he was worthy of such a son for a biographer—has appeared in different numbers of the 'Leeds Mercury.' Public opinion has already pronounced its award of admiring approbation, both with regard to the subject and the author. We feel, however, that our readers will not object to be recalled to the grateful contemplation of a character so well illustrating the practical value of the religious and political principles which have, for half a century, been explained and vindicated in this Review.

Mr. Baines's ancestral family resided in Yorkshire. They belonged, speaking of them generally, to the yeomanry of that county ; and several held farms under the Dukes of Devonshire. That they were persons of highly respectable social habits and repute, appears from the fact that several of the sons of the different collateral branches of the family were clergymen of the Church of England. Mr. Richard Baines, the father of Mr. Baines, held an appointment in the excise, and he was removed to Preston. Here he married a lady of respectable parentage and family ; and, on his marriage, he resigned his situation, and commenced business as a grocer. We have adverted to these

facts for the purpose of introducing the following instructive passage :

‘Ancient laws and charters, founded upon narrow views of trade, interposed obstacles in the way of any person commencing business in a corporate town, without having served seven years apprenticeship in the particular trade. An act of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 4, sec. 31, prohibited this practice, under the penalty of forty shillings per month; and very ancient documents defining the usages of the Corporation of Preston, as well as the forms of oath administered to the burgesses, recognised it as the right and duty of the borough to exclude “foreigners,” or “merchant strangers,” from transacting business within its limits except at the fairs. It does not speak well for this restriction, that Preston had certainly for a century, and probably for several centuries, been in a stationary condition : in 1780, the population did not exceed 6,000. The politics of Mr. Richard Baines did not recommend him to the favour of the corporation, which was of the Tory party, whilst he was a Whig; and it was believed, that in endeavouring to remove him from the town, that worshipful body had as much regard to its influence at borough elections, as to the security of its tradesmen. However this may be, an indictment was preferred against him at the borough sessions, for having carried on business as a grocer in Preston for one month, in the year 1770. He resisted the vexatious interference; the indictment was removed to the Lancaster assizes, and it entailed upon him expenses amounting to several hundred pounds. He was obliged to leave the town, and he removed to the village of Walton-le-dale, where he carried on his business.’ Pp. 13, 14.

The effect of this memorable fact in the family history has been well noticed by the intelligent biographer, who observes:— ‘At this place (Walton-le-dale) his second son Edward was born, and the *knowledge of the persecution his father had suffered from a Tory corporation had an influence on the son’s mind in future life.* He was ever opposed to trade monopolies, and the system of self-elected corporations; and at a public meeting in Leeds, to promote municipal reform, sixty years after, Mr. Baines told the story of his father’s wrongs. Thus good came out of evil, and persecution raised up avengers to aid in its own destruction.’ At ten years of age, Edward was received into the family of his maternal uncle, at Kingsland, near Hawkeshead, among the Lakes. Here, for a while, he attended the free grammar-school, then conducted by Edward Christian, Esq., afterwards the Downing Professor of Law at Cambridge. ‘The poet Wordsworth was his schoolmate, but he was several years his senior. Of Edward’s progress there, as he left very early, nothing is known, though family tradition hands down an oracle uttered by his master (who is said to have been fond of him), namely, *that he would either be a great man or be hanged.*’

At eight years of age he returned home, and entered in the second class of the free grammar-school at Preston. He left this at about sixteen years of age, and though, respecting the instruction there given, it is stated by the biographer that it was inferior, young Baines somehow or other must have managed to get a substantially useful education: for, to adopt the felicitous and significant phrase of our author, after he had left school, he soon began to evince an 'intellectual bent.' This, after all, far more than any extensive rote acquirements of the mere memory, is the great thing to be desired and produced at the delicate turning point of a youth's history. He chose for himself, in preference to following the occupation of his father in the cotton manufacture, the business of a printer. His father 'prudently concurring,' as it is justly said, in the inclination of his son, apprenticed him, when upwards of sixteen, to Mr. W. Walker, a printer at Preston. Out of this circumstance—this 'intellectual bent' when starting in life—originated many of those incidents and passages of his future history, intellectual, social, and commercial, the description of which makes this biography at once so fascinating and instructive. We wonder not that they who knew him in the earlier days of his useful career should have regarded him as a sort of English Benjamin Franklin.

When he was about nineteen, his master, Mr. Walker, who was a liberal in politics, and an Independent Dissenter, established a newspaper called the 'Preston Review.' This, for a time, not only gave more regular occupation in the printing department of the business, but must have imported into the concern somewhat of the character of an intellectual profession. From the mental texture of the aspiring apprentice, there is no doubt that he assisted in the more literary engagements, such as at that time they were, connected with the publication. The bias and the ability thus obtained were, perhaps, 'the making of him,' as the expression goes. When, after a short time, the paper was abandoned, he felt that the occupations of the printing-office no longer afforded scope enough for his abilities, and his desire for improvement and advance.

'At the beginning of the year 1795, therefore, writes our author, Mr. Baines explained his wishes to Mr. Walker, and asked for his indentures. The latter consented, and the young printer, having the approbation of his parents, left his native town, and went out to seek his fortunes. Such a course is extremely common in Germany, but much less so in England. There was at that time no public conveyance on the direct route from Preston to Leeds, and the journey by coach through Manchester would have occupied two days. The frugal apprentice, stout of heart and limb, performed the journey on foot, with his bundle under his arm. A friend accompanied him to

Clitheroe, but he crossed the hills into Yorkshire with no companion but his staff,* and all his worldly wealth in his pocket. Wayworn he entered the town of Leeds, and, finding the shop of Messrs. Binns and Brown, he inquired if they had room for an apprentice to finish his time. The stranger was carelessly referred to the foreman; and as he entered the *Mercury* office, *he intentionally resolved, that if he should obtain admittance there, he would never leave it. In a few years the office and newspaper became his own, and so continued till his death.*

The italics are our own, as we wish to fix attention on the more significant events of his course, as exemplifying his individuality and decision of character. Thus settled at Leeds, by the introduction, principally, of his friend Mr. Thomas Wright, a bookseller, whose acquaintance he had formed at Preston, he joined himself in companionship and social intercourse with several other young men of intellectual and moral habits, of his own age, tastes, and liberal opinions. They met for mutual improvement in a small society, called 'the Reasoning Society.' It was occupied by readings and discussions each alternate week. Though its members are described as having been reformers, they abstained from political controversy; and so free from aught that was socially objectionable were their proceedings and spirit, that, on their having heard that some jealousy had been expressed on this point, Mr. Baines was one of a deputation of four, who went up boldly to the Mayor, showed him their rules, and invited him to give them an audience and inspection. This sensible man, Mr. Sheepshanks (afterwards Mr. Whittel York), kindly complied with the request of the young men, and expressed his satisfaction with all that he witnessed. We wish that there had been evinced among the magistracy of that day more of this wise, conciliatory, and *loyal* course of dealing with the people. We say 'loyal,' because we believe that in nothing is true loyalty better shown, by magistrates and others in authority, than in their acting—until proof shown to the contrary—upon the presumption that the people are not at enmity with their rulers: for it has always been found that, if treated by the latter with generosity, confidence, and justice, the people will spontaneously rally round and support the laws and free institutions of the country which they love. Mr. Baines, we are told, was a frequent speaker at the meetings of this little debating society; and there can be no doubt, that in addition to his having thus acquired a competent facility in public speaking,

* In after years, he often referred to the touching acknowledgment of the patriarch, and with like gratitude and humility, 'I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.'

his practice here must have greatly aided his general mental improvement, since youths cannot discuss without reading and thought. Little, indeed, did the good-natured magistrate who condescended to learn for himself the more than *innocent* character of the Leeds 'Reasoning Society,' think that one of those ingenuous youths who had frankly appealed to his candour and sense of justice, was, by means of that very society, preparing and fitting himself for honourable public life, and to represent, most worthily, in the senate of the land, the borough of which he had just become an adventuring, uninvited inhabitant! 'The apprenticeship of the young printer terminated in 1797, about the month of September, and on the day following he went into business on his own account, in partnership with Mr. John Fenwick, a relative of Mr. Brown, one of the publishers of the "Leeds Mercury."' In the early part of 1798, this partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Baines commenced business by himself, as a printer. We have seen that his ancestral family were not only what is called Churchmen, as distinct from Dissenters, but that several of them were worthy and respected clergymen of the Establishment. His connexion with the Dissenters is very graphically narrated by the biographer, and the passage we now cite is, we think, practically descriptive of the causes which, at the time referred to, led not a few thinking and liberally-disposed men into the ranks of Nonconformity. Dissent and Dissenters, we are aware, became, for years, somewhat unfashionable; but we believe that the sincere though moderate political liberalism of the more pious among the Dissenters tended more than any other of the moral ingredients of society, to preserve the once much imperilled liberties of our country. It is to the immortal honour of Dissenters, as enlightened patriots, that, as our author well remarks, 'when disappointed by the crimes and horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty, *they did not abandon their attachment to liberty itself.*'

'From the time of his coming to Leeds, Mr. Baines connected himself with the Dissenters. It is probable that his personal and political friendships were the first cause of this change in his religious associations. The Dissenters were then the chief supporters of liberal politics. Themselves labouring under political disabilities, they were naturally Reformers. They were charmed with the broad principles of civil and religious liberty laid down in France in the early stages of the revolution, and they continued to hope, perhaps too long, that that mighty experiment would have a favourable issue. When disappointed by the crimes and horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty, they did not abandon their attachment to liberty itself. But such was the indignation excited in the English people by those events, that there was a

tendency to confound the love of reform with the love of revolution, and to suppose that all who professed the former secretly cherished the latter. There certainly were revolutionists and infidels in England, such as Thomas Paine, but their number was small, and the panic excited here by the events in France, was not justified by the principles of Fox, Grey, and their followers. Yet the alarm raged widely, and it was aggravated by the rebellion that had broken out in Ireland. Belonging to the party of Reformers, and heartily embracing the doctrines of civil and religious liberty, Mr. Baines found his only congenial associations among the Dissenters. He had seen outrageous violence committed by the populace in the name of Church and King, and on the part of the magistracy and clergy, a scarcely disguised sympathy with the wrong-doers. In Leeds he found the Dissenting ministers temperate but steady reformers. The Rev. Edward Parsons among the Independents, the Rev. William Wood among the Unitarians, and the Rev. Thomas Langdon among the Baptists, all became his personal friends. It must be admitted that at this time he had no strong religious feelings that would have biassed him either towards the Church or against it; and in this state of his mind questions of liberty turned the balance against the Church, and he became an Independent Dissenter.'—Pp. 29, 30.

Notwithstanding some objections on the part of his future father-in-law, Mr. Baines married, in July 1798, a most excellent lady, Miss Charlotte Talbot, the daughter of Mr. Matthew Talbot, of Leeds. The latter was a man of excellent character, and of a most original genius. Though he was at one time in business as a carrier, he seems to have made deep and extensive literary acquisitions. While performing the duties of secretary to the Leeds Infirmary, he employed his hours of leisure in works of prodigious industry and learning; having 'himself formed more than one translation of the entire Scriptures from the original tongues.' This good man had a nervous fear about young Baines's connexion with the 'Reasoning Society,' and, on that ground, objected to the marriage. But as he had once previously given his assent to it, and had no other objection to allege than this imaginary danger, the young people entered into the alliance of their own accord. Almost immediately after, however, they received the approval of Mr. Talbot. The biographer mentions this fact, 'as an illustration of those days of terror.' To the influence and constantly improving effect of the good sense, talent, and eminent piety, of this excellent woman, Mr. Baines was, no doubt, under the blessing of God, indebted for much of the excellence of his own private and domestic character; and for that family happiness which enabled him for so many years to pursue, undistractedly, his onward career of industry, usefulness, and success.

The description of the mode in which Mr. Baines gradually made his way, as a man of business, is highly entertaining and instructive, especially to the young. But we must satisfy ourselves by saying, in general, that after some years of industrious and successful business as a printer, he at length, with the aid of some generous friends, whose names are gracefully and gratefully recorded by the biographer, became the sole proprietor of 'The Leeds Mercury.' An interesting narrative is given of the former insignificance, gradual improvement, and ultimately triumphant success of that important provincial journal, when under the proprietorship and management of Mr. Baines. This we consider to be the great fact in his life, which stands out for public notice and admiration. *Litera scripta manet.* There is the huge file of that able, patriotic, and useful publication. It is almost impossible, we think, to overrate the immense moral and political importance of a thoroughly good provincial journal. We hesitate not to say, that, in many instances, the conductors of such publications have it in their power to serve their country more usefully, even, than some of our prominent politicians and statesmen. When, for instance, misunderstandings arise among large masses of workmen, in such parts of the country as Yorkshire and Lancashire, with regard to their employers, or to the rulers of the country, how important is it that the local press which they read should be under the conduct of good, loyal, liberal, enlightened men! An injudicious article might keep alive a flame of discontent; while a few words of thorough good sense, dictated by a truly generous and liberal spirit, may keep a county in peace, far more effectively than the *posse comitatus*, or a regiment of slaughter-breathing yeomanry. We have no doubt that the 'Leeds Mercury' has, at times, much contributed to the social and political quietude of that populous locality, while it has, for a series of years, been diffusing, week after week, the most valuable political information, with regard to the many stirring questions of the day. During the war, it was, speaking generally, an exponent and advocate of Whig principles and policy. The party of the Whigs are under great obligations to this journal. It supported, with vigour and effect, the struggles of Fox and the Whigs for the abolition of the slave-trade. It was mighty, on the patriotic side, at the great Yorkshire contests which have seated, at different times, a Wilberforce, a Brougham, and a Morpeth, at some of the most interesting crises of our recent history. It pleaded ably for Catholic Emancipation. It was a powerful advocate of the abolition of colonial slavery. It was an early supporter of the principles of Free-trade; and during the brief, but glorious struggle, aided,

perhaps, as effectively as any other public organ, the valuable exertions of the Anti-corn-law League. And, above all, it has been the most able and consistent advocate of the extension, and more particularly of the *freedom*, of popular education. Though the present biographer may be entitled to the distinction of being the leader on this great question, his views of the voluntary principle, as applicable to the cause of education, had the sanction and support of his well-informed and enlightened father.

Mr. Edward Baines, jun., towards the close of 1814, was taken into the 'Mercury' office; and afterwards became his father's assistant and partner. This, of course, gave gradually to the father some relief from his too arduous task, as sole editor and manager of the paper; and we are, therefore, now to see him exercising his literary and political talents, with unwearied diligence, in the character of an author. At the close of the war, in 1814, he commenced a work entitled 'The History of the Wars of the French Revolution,' which came out in numbers. It extended to two quarto volumes, and engaged him, we are told, very closely for two years and a half. It succeeded beyond his expectations, and, 'at the close of the reign, it was expanded into a "History of the Reign of George III.," by the addition of two other volumes.' If we were now giving an equally-proportioned and consecutive biographical narrative, we should be anticipating dates, improperly, when we add—as it is convenient here to do—that, subsequently, as he derived increasing aid from the co-editorship of his son, Mr. Baines persevered in his now regular profession of an author and publisher. He next issued 'The History, Directory, and Gazetteer of the County of York,' in two large volumes, of which he himself wrote the historical and topographical departments. 'After having written this work in the years 1822 and 1823, he wrote the same departments of a similar work, for the County of Lancaster, in the years 1824 and 1825. The latter laid the foundation of the largest of all his works, commenced a few years subsequently, namely, "The History of the County Palatine of Lancaster."'

In 1817, Mr. Baines had an opportunity of rendering an essential benefit to the country by his discovery and manful exposure of the vile system of espionage which—though possibly not intended, to the full extent of its ultimate operation, by the ministry themselves—disgraced the Home Department Administration of Lord Sidmouth. Mr. Baines brought out, into full relief, the case of the notorious Oliver, the Government spy, who, at a time of great popular excitement, first tempted and entrapped, and then betrayed, his foolish and unfortunate victims among the discontented of the populace. The sad political

tragedy of the Manchester Massacre, on the 16th August, 1819, was a scene witnessed by our present author ; and in the columns of the 'Mercury,' the disgraceful affair was faithfully narrated, and as patriotically denounced. The lovers of the sacred cause of English freedom should, from time to time, be kept in grateful remembrance of the courage and vigilance of their faithful and unflinching guardians of the periodical political press. We know of no public services more valuable, so far as regards the conservation of our invaluable, blood-consecrated liberties, than have been rendered by the able and independent conductors of the metropolitan and provincial press, who, while setting, in their own style and temper, a praiseworthy example of moderation, have generously interposed for the protection of their less-informed, and therefore misguided, fellow-countrymen.

With that determined, persevering spirit of adventure which had characterised him from a youth, Mr. Baines, in 1821, entered upon his well-known experiment of reclaiming the Chat Moss, a few miles from Liverpool. A similar task had been already, as to a portion of the Moss, undertaken by the late William Roscoe, the elegant biographer of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X. This worthy attempt, however, did not succeed as had been hoped ; but Mr. Baines—who had taken a long lease of about eleven hundred acres—succeeded, by perseverance, and with the aid of his able farmer, Mr. Nelson, in converting, in a great degree, a large portion of barren moss into a comparatively fertile, and—as, no doubt, ultimately, it will turn out to be—profitable estate. It is true, that this will have been done at some sacrifice of fortune, as regarded himself, and for his own time ; but this is what, perhaps, in such cases, must be expected. It is not unlikely, however, that at some future, and now not distant day, many a traveller among the thousands passing, on the railway, to and from our magnificent emporium of commerce at Liverpool, will, while casting a delighted eye over the broad acres of that once watery and unproductive plain, then, perhaps, waving with corn or umbrageous trees, pronounce a well-merited eulogy on the calmly-adventurous spirit of Edward Baines.

As our readers, even from this rapid and imperfect sketch, have now become acquainted with the nature of Mr. Baines's occupations, both as an author and as the proprietor of an eminent political journal, and with the character of his sentiments and writings, we shall at once refer to the most distinguishing public event of his life—his election to Parliament as member for Leeds. The biographer introduces this topic with much graceful modesty ; in which quality, indeed, he has only been imitating the conduct and bearing of his father himself.

Some influential townsmen of Leeds had mentioned him as a suitable man to be one of the first representatives of this important newly-enfranchised parliamentary borough. The biographer acknowledges that, at this time, there would not have been entire unanimity among the Liberals of that place in considering Mr. Baines as primarily entitled to such a distinguished position. This was the opinion and feeling which, indeed, he himself expressed, and he acted upon it with characteristic modesty and determination. But his sterling merits could not be long insufficiently appreciated; for if envy, or any still more unworthy motive, restrained some from yielding to the wish and opinion which others had intimated in favour of his being a candidate at the first election for Leeds, they had no power to prevent his taking that honourable station on the first vacancy which occurred in the representation of the borough. This took place, on the appointment of Mr. Macaulay to a seat in the Legislative Council at Bombay. Mr. Baines had promoted, with 'indefatigable zeal,' at the first election, the return of Mr. Marshall, along with the brilliant young orator whose eloquence had so much adorned and energized the debates in the first Reform Parliament. At one of the first meetings held among the Liberal electors, after the vacancy, on Mr. Baines's name being suggested, it was received with so much interest and enthusiasm, that, within less than a fortnight, he received a requisition to stand, as a candidate, with 1,467 signatures, besides 485 promises of voters not signing. The number of these, together, became, ultimately, 2,250. This, surely, must be held, not only to have justified him in yielding to the behests of his fellow-townsmen, but to have rendered it a plain path of duty, on his part, to accept the responsible trust to which he was thus honourably called. He was opposed by a respectable and formidable Conservative candidate, in the person of Sir John Beckett, who had been, for some years past, connected, by office, with the Tory party, first as Under-Secretary of State, and afterwards as Judge-Advocate. A third candidate was Mr. Bower, who managed to render more difficult the return of a Liberal, by standing out for some eighty votes of the extreme Radical party. Such was the influence of Sir John, connected, as he was, by relationship, with the principal bankers and the most socially considerable family in the town, that, on the first day of polling, he numbered a majority over Mr. Baines of seventy, if not eighty. But, on the second day's polling, the Reform forces rallied nobly, and the poll closed with, under all the circumstances, the triumphant majority of thirty-four for the more popular town-candidate. 'It would be impossible,' says our

author, 'to describe the enthusiastic delight of the Reformers at their hard-won victory, which was the more valued from the danger they had incurred of defeat. Mr. Baines himself, throughout the two anxious days of doubt, maintained a firm and calm deportment, altogether characteristic; and his speech in the Cloth-yard Hall was free from undue exultation. Mr. Francis Hawkesworth Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, stood by his side, having come to witness the struggle; and being called upon to speak, he excited vast applause by giving to Mr. Baines for the first time the parliamentary title.' Mr. Fawkes added, that 'it was the most perfect, the most satisfactory, and the most admirable popular triumph that was ever achieved.' It must be recollected that the Tories, as a party throughout the country, were now endeavouring, on system, to avail themselves of occasional vacancies, in order to rally their discomfited host, and thus to regain their much-loved, and long-enjoyed, power and predominance. Leeds—as having been but then recently enfranchised as a parliamentary borough—seemed, on every principle and feeling of high political chivalry, called upon to defend, most gallantly, this newly-acquired and important fortress of the Reform cause. Defeat would certainly have been disgrace. No wonder, then, that we are told that all Yorkshire, and even the whole country, took the warmest interest in this testing contest, and that when Mr. Baines left the town into which he had first come as an unpatronized, adventurous youth, to take his seat as its representative in Parliament, he was honoured with a public demonstration, and received, as he passed through other towns, similar tokens of joy and gratulation.

He soon showed that the choice of Leeds had fallen on a man worthy of the honourable trust committed to him, as he proved himself fully capable of meeting its requirements and responsibilities. Almost immediately after his election, he had occasions of evincing the sincerity of his profession, that he would not be a mere ministerialist; though he avowed himself to be attached, generally speaking, to the Whigs, as a party. He voted with Mr. Hume, on his motions for reducing the army, and, more particularly, its general staff; and with Mr. Buckingham, in his attempt to get a committee to consider the question of forcible impressment in the navy, with a view to its abolition. We have, in an extract from a letter to a member of his family, of the date of 19th March, 1834, a passage which is highly indicative of his strong, native good sense, and his dignified, almost Spartan simplicity of character:—'I should be sorry to affect anything in my new and highly honourable situation to us all as a member of Parliament; but if I had any affectation in my altered circumstances, it should be an affectation of economy and simplicity of manners

and appearance both in our domestic concerns and all others.' He adds the following sound and philosophic remark, accompanied by as wise a resolve:—'*The contrary conduct has been fatal to the character and independence of many public men; but, by the blessing of God guiding and directing me, it shall never be fatal to me and mine.*' A time is soon coming, we trust, when we shall have, in connexion with the representation of the Commons, much more of this noble, Andrew-Marvell style of thinking and conduct. Whenever, arising from a more healthy state of the social mind, this shall be the case, we need fear little or nothing for the liberties of our country. We dislike, as much as any one, the occasional exhibition of the extreme vulgarity of mere aristocratic assumption, on the part of the high-born and so-called 'noble;' but we may depend upon it, that this has found its greatest stimulus and support in the too common apeing of it by those who, having sprung from the mid ranks of a free and independent people, should have been too nobly proud thus to have demeaned their plain, but, perhaps, not less honest and virtuous, ancestry.

Mr. Baines supported the measure of Mr. G. W. Wood, for admitting Dissenters to the universities, though he did not approve of some of its provisions. The bill passed the House of Commons, but it was thrown out in the Lords. This was in the session of 1834; and now, in 1851, Mr. Heywood, the Whig member for Lancashire, is still struggling with ecclesiastical prejudice, on the same important question! During these 'strange, eventful' seventeen years, the country has paid full dearly for the inveterate bigotry and narrow-mindedness of a majority of the House, in which sit, in lawn, the 'successors of the apostles.' Though, looking at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge as being, as well from historical association as in European repute, *national* institutions, we think that it is unworthy and impolitic to exclude from them such a body as the Dissenters, yet we are by no means certain that the latter would be any great practical gainers by a law to admit them. On *religious* grounds, we should, at present, not be particularly anxious to see the sons of wealthy Dissenters at Oxford or Cambridge. It is now quite clear enough that these universities are *anti-Protestant* in their very structure and tendencies. What a humiliating thought it is, that we should, at this very moment, be legislating, in the dog-days, in order to maintain the sovereignty of our beloved Queen, and the independence of the nation, against the aggressions of an Italian priest, sitting at the Vatican, under the vile protection of French bayonets! What has brought us to this point of degradation, but the remnant, and still cherished monkery of Oxford and Cambridge?

Mr. Baines, as we think, very correctly, joined with most other Dissenters in rejecting the curious Whig plan of *getting rid* of church-rates by the *hocus pocus* of *keeping them on*, in the shape of a perpetual charge on the land-tax. We believe that that excellent man, and honest patriot, Lord Althorp, and the ministry of which he was so great a support, *meant* well by this measure, according to the degree of light that was in them on questions of this nature; but, in imitation of the Dissenters of 1834, we counsel those of the present day to have nothing to do with any measure on the subject of church-rates, which will, in effect, though not, perhaps, in intention, be little better than a sort of thimble-rig dealing with the matter. We would, as to this,

— ‘rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.’

There is plenty of money to be, some how or other, got out of State-property (for church-property, subject to vested interests, *is* State property) to keep up the fabrics of the *national* buildings called parish churches. The Dissenters have, on this question of church-rates, been shamefully trifled with by the Whigs; and the former, at the next General Election, taking care that, in all their proceedings, they are mainly guided by a desire to promote the general interests of our common country, must, nevertheless, also have some respect for *themselves*.

At the general election, at the commencement of the year 1835, consequent on the change of administration, Mr. John Marshall, jun., the colleague of Mr. Baines, retired, on account of ill-health; and Mr. Baines was adopted by the Liberals as their candidate, it being, at that time, the intention, on prudential political grounds, of a majority among them, not to have a second candidate in that interest. He was, however, ultimately, proposed along with Mr. William Brougham. We are told that, in addressing the vast multitude, numbering from thirty to forty thousand, by a large majority of whom he was hailed with enthusiasm, Mr. Baines took a review of the votes which he had given in the previous session; stating that he had redeemed every pledge he had given; that he had supported every motion for saving the public money, every motion for diminishing the severity of the criminal code, all the claims of the Dissenters, the commutation of tithes in England and Ireland, free-trade, the removal of taxes on raw materials, the establishment of inland bonding warehouses, vote by ballot, the publication of the votes of members of the House of Commons (formerly not authentically known), reform of the Church in

England and Ireland; and every measure for effecting improvements in the borough of Leeds.'

Sir John Beckett and Mr. Tempest were the Tory candidates. The latter retired in order to facilitate the success of Sir John, who was returned, at the head of the poll, along with Mr. Baines. This election supplied a remarkable instance in proof of the importance of a vigilant attention to the state of the electoral registers, for we are told that, 'but for the loss of 171 votes on the last revision, Mr. Baines would have had the same majority over Sir John Beckett, within a single vote, as at their first contest.' On his return to parliamentary duties on the 19th February, Mr. Baines gave a decided support, on principle, to the Whigs, as a party, considering that it was a great calamity for the country that, after all that had been done and projected by the Reform Administration, they should be replaced by a Ministry of reaction. In a letter, dated the 4th March, 1835, in describing the state of political affairs, he adverts to the question which the Whigs then found it their interest to take up as the testing point of their policy, as contradistinguished from that of their opponents. 'Lord John Russell and all our side of the House hold that it must be competent to Parliament, after providing out of those revenues for the religious instruction of the members of the Established Church in Ireland, to apply the residue of the Church property to the purposes of education, charity, or even to other purposes, if necessary or expedient.' He adds—'I need scarcely say that I agree entirely with Lord John Russell in his views on this subject, and consider the Irish Established Church, as it at present exists, as a national scandal.' Alas! may not the same thing be now said of that enormous garrison-church, still lording it, in the much-abused name of Protestantism, over a country in which so large a majority are Roman Catholics? Fortunately, however, the once pet plan of the Whigs of paying, either out of the public revenues or a surplus of Church property, the Catholic priesthood, is now—thanks to Pio Nono and Cardinal Wiseman—out of the question, a mere abortive thought in the irrecoverable past. But it must still be asked, is the old wrong, then, to continue? 'There's the rub!' Ireland is *still* the difficulty of English statesmen, and so it will be, so long as they suffer themselves to be enslaved by the mistaken idea, unworthy of the age, that States are, or can be, strengthened by the incumbrance of an Established Church.

In the session of 1836, Mr. Baines rendered valuable service in assisting to prevent some sly, but very damaging clauses, which were attempted to be grafted on the Dissenters' Marriages Bill, calculated, as they were, to introduce, in connexion with that

which is essentially a civil institution, a new and embarrassing religious test. There is still, we regret to believe, a certain party in the country who hate Dissent much more than they hate Popery; and all concessions in favour of the non-established sects are, by such persons, yielded, or, rather, submitted to, reluctantly and ungracefully.

Mr. Baines was enabled to carry through the House of Commons a well-principled measure to relieve the consciences of those who considered the declaration in the Municipal Reform Act objectionable, as being too much in the nature of an oath. It was thrown out in the Lords; but the objects of the bill were afterwards attained.

On the 15th March, 1837, he spoke very efficiently in support of Mr. Spring Rice's measure for the abolition of church-rates; and, in the course of his speech he furnished some very instructive statistical details in disproof of the correctness of a statement erroneously made by Sir Robert Inglis, as to the alleged insignificance of the proportion of church-rates paid by the Dissenters. 'Mr. Baines also argued that there was another source out of which the churches might be repaired; namely, the first-fruits and tenths of Church livings, fairly assessed, which would also yield a better provision for the clergy.' He had, even so far back as in 1818, made the subject of the first-fruits and tenths a matter of careful investigation, with a view to improve the incomes of the poorer working clergy; and on the 4th May, 1837, he proposed a motion in the House of Commons for a select committee to inquire into the amount of the fund thus arising, and into the propriety of requiring the full value to be paid in future. Lord John Russell opposed the motion, and it was lost; but Mr. Baines, several times afterwards, renewed the motion, 'for which,' we are told, 'he received warm expressions of gratitude from many of that class'—the poorer clergy. We quite concur in the remark that 'his motives were the most disinterested possible, and as free from sectarian spirit as from personal or party interest.'

At the general election consequent on the death of William IV., Mr. Baines was re-elected, along with Sir William Molesworth, with a majority for Mr. Baines over Sir John Beckett, his old opponent and late colleague, of 269. It was the privilege of Mr. Baines to take his share in the measures of 1838, which led, on the auspicious 1st of August, to the entire emancipation of the slaves in our West Indian colonies. Among the zealous and constant advocates of the total and immediate repeal of the corn-laws were the editors of the 'Leeds Mercury.' When the Anti-corn-law League was formed, Mr. Baines was

a 'frequent attendant' at the meetings of the delegates in London; not that he took any very active part in the operations of the League, but 'they had as much of his help as his other engagements would permit.' It will not be necessary to advert to all the various liberal measures in which he interested himself, but we must just refer to the part which he took in the very warm and efficient resistance which was given to the effort made in June 1840, by Sir Robert Inglis and the Church party, to obtain a grant of money for church extension. An enthusiastic and indignant meeting of Dissenters was held in Freemasons' Tavern, at which the liberal Duke of Sussex presided. Here Mr. Baines spoke with much zeal, spirit, and effect, as he also did in the House of Commons, when, on the 30th June, the impudent proposition was made. Shame upon such Churchmen! The question, however, as to the willingness of Parliament to make any more grants for church extension was then settled, at once and for ever. Sir James Graham is right upon this point, erroneous as he may be on others.

Mr. Baines had, for some time past, intimated that he should retire from Parliament on the next dissolution; and on the approach of that which took place in June, 1842, he addressed his constituents, 'resigning into their hands the trust' that had been confided to him. The large meeting of the Liberal electors to which the address was read passed the resolution, 'That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Edward Baines, Esq., for his able, indefatigable, and devoted service, during the seven years he has been one of the representatives of this borough in Parliament.'

We must refer our readers to the Memoir itself for interesting details respecting the history of this excellent and useful man, from the period of his retirement from public life to his peaceful and happy death, which took place on the 3rd of August, 1848. So greatly was he respected, that a public funeral was accorded to him, and he was carried to an honourable grave, amid the tears of a town whose 'inhabitants,' we can well believe, 'lamented him as a good man, a public benefactor, and vast numbers almost as a father.' The letters of condolence to the members of his family, from numerous personages of distinction, showed, also, the high estimate which had been formed of his character, in a circle still wider than that of Leeds; and in that town a public statue was subscribed for, to be there erected, in lasting honour of his memory.

The kind providence of God had attended him all his days. He had a large, but happy, united family of children, who

survive to add to the posthumous honours of the departed. Some of them are too well known and distinguished to be more particularly referred to; and we abstain, from motives of delicacy, on our own part, to say more on this subject. But it would have been unworthy to omit all allusion to a fact that must have so materially influenced the character, as well as the usefulness, of the deceased.

The moral of the story of Edward Baines's life may be most correctly described, when we say, *that it presents a signal instance of private and public virtue rewarded and successful*. We have known of men who have emerged from the middle and un-aristocratic classes into a position of high social distinction, by a sort of felicitous accident, which, perhaps, has elicited some original intellectual quality, by the force of which they were almost obtruded into public notice, if not fame. An extraordinary gift of eloquence, brought out to use and display at some particular political crisis, or in relation to some great public question, has enabled some men, with advantage alike to themselves and their country, to exchange, almost suddenly, the comparatively unnoticed activities of private or social life, for the more distinguishing duties and engagements of the senate. In some instances, the acquisition of great wealth, either by a freak of good fortune, or by unwonted commercial success, has exalted into public station and responsibility men who, by the force of any substantial mental or moral qualities that were inherent in them, never *could* have attained such a position. Some of these, being wise in their generation, have grown with and by their circumstances, and have maintained their posts, without cause of reproach, and, perhaps, even with some usefulness to the country. Of others, however, it must be confessed that they have occupied places which had been far better filled by men more able and worthy, but less fortunate, than themselves. But of Mr. Baines it may be said, that his talents and his character together, and not mere circumstance or mere ability, raised him to the honourable position of a representative of the people. We can trace more satisfactorily, in his case, than in that of many other public men, cause and effect.

We think it our duty, primarily, to call attention to the prudence and moral excellence of his personal and private habits. When plodding in his up-hill way to a successful position as a printer, and afterwards as the proprietor and editor of a widely-circulating newspaper, he was singularly simple and abstemious in his mode of living, economical in his expenditure, punctual in all his pecuniary and other engagements, and diligent and industrious, to admiration. Almost the only relaxation from his

toils and cares, which he even seemed to desire, was the opportunity to repose and enjoy himself *at home*, amidst the almost celestial delights of a loving and united family circle. Those who know most of human nature and the world will the most readily appreciate the value of such tastes and habits in his every-day life. They produced in him that fine balance of the moral and intellectual powers which we describe under the name of *equanimity*. That invested with a sort of dignity every act of his social and public life, however in itself comparatively common and undistinguishing. Living, as he did, in times of unexampled political excitement; engaged in the periodical narration of public events, foreign and domestic, and in commenting on the characters and acts of public men, when a fierce party struggle was, like a tempest-tost ocean, raging around him; yet he seems rarely, if ever, to have departed from the even, though active, 'tenor of his way.' He was misrepresented and maligned; but, like a philosopher and a Christian, he returned arguments and facts for railing and abuse; and if ever he had any enemies, their envenomed shafts were blunted and repelled by the burnished shield of a virtuous and stainless life.

Mr. Baines was, in many respects, fitted for being, in a proper sense, one of the parliamentary leaders of what has been called the 'Dissenting interest.' Though himself a Dissenter upon principle, and, as such, opposed to the unhallowed and impolitic connexion of Church and State, yet he never went out of his way to obtrude his views on this subject; nor, on the other hand, ever shrunk from an avowal and defence of them, on appropriate occasions. Hence he was listened to with respect, and possessed, in the House and elsewhere, as an avowed Dissenter, political as well as religious, a well-merited degree of weight and influence. He had a manly confidence, a firm faith, in the intrinsic moral force and truth of Nonconformist principles; and he was willing that they should be tested by the refining processes of time and deliberation. But so far from being indifferent to the importance of correct theoretical views on the now much-vexed question of a State Church, it was precisely because he was (as the Cantabs say) 'thoroughly up' in the true scriptural theory on this matter, that he could afford, in respect of it, to be pre-eminently a *practical* man. Mere Dissenterism, in itself, is a very insufficient qualification for a representative in Parliament; and if a larger number of Dissenters than has been usual should in future become members of the Legislature, they must earn influence and weight for their own peculiar principles by the degree of ability which they

evince on the multifarious political matters, foreign as well as domestic, which affect the honour, the independence, and the general welfare, of the country.

Some have thought that it was inconsistent in Mr. Baines, as a Dissenter, to interfere with the question of Queen Anne's bounty. Without affirming that it is the special duty of a Dissenting member of Parliament to take up such subjects, yet we hold, not only that it is excusable, but right, that particular wrong effects of a wrong system should be diminished, and, if possible, removed, even though for a time the great parent wrong of the system itself cannot be destroyed. We do not think that attempts at reform and improvement in ecclesiastical matters will prolong, for a single day, the existence of a State Church. While they may modify and diminish the present evil effects, political and religious, of such a Church, and in place of them produce, perhaps, some positive good, they will also tend to give a more predominating influence and position to the best men connected with the bad system; and when this class of men thoroughly find out—as they most inevitably will do—that all their reforms leave them still in chains, they will first sigh for, and then achieve, their well-merited enfranchisement. We do not believe in the Jesuitical doctrine that justifies the *doing* of evil that good may come. As little do we believe in the somewhat fanatical modern doctrine of *continuing*, or allowing, unopposed, evil that good may come. When, for instance, an impudent priestly *political* aggression is made, by a foreign power, on the independence of the nation, we have no idea of succumbing to that wrong, under (as we think it), the mistaken notion of an ultimately internecine warfare between rival hierarchies. *Principiis obsta.* Let us grapple at once with every new wrong as it comes defiantly before us.

Looking at the circumstances of the time when Mr. Baines was called upon to act, as a practical politician and a politic Dissenter, we think that he conducted himself with wisdom and discretion. He was a Whig, it is true; but he was 'something more.' We cannot but think, however, that if he had continued a few years longer in public life, the 'something more' part of his political character would have come out into somewhat stronger relief.

We must close with a word about the work, as a biography. We think it, then, altogether admirable. It puts the man whose life and character it professes to portray, before us, just as he lived and died; not—as is too often the case—making the subject of the memoir a mere pedestal for the display of the author. We have had several recent instances of biographies by sons that have been models of the true style and manner of this depart-

ment of literature. The Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, are fine instances in point. We cannot express our opinion more highly, or more correctly, we think, than by saying, that the 'Life of Edward Baines, M.P.,' by his son, may fitly take its stand on the same shelf with the useful and fascinating biographies of those great and excellent men.

ART. VIII.—1. *Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystalization, and Chemical Attraction, in their Relations to the Vital Force.* By Karl Baron von Reichenbach, Ph.D., translated by William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Parts I. and II. 8vo. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

2. *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism.* By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, and Marberly.

TRUTH leads a strange life in this world. Notwithstanding its greatness, and the certainty of its ultimate triumph, it has often for years, and sometimes for ages, to drag itself through a miserable stage of existence,—by a great portion of mankind unfriended, by others, ill-treated and despised, and to the rest, unknown. To the conduct of its parents much of the complexion of its future destiny is due; but often much more to the officious nurses that tend its early years. No sooner is it born, than they wrap it in the swaddling clothes of superstition and of error; and although in some instances it may be by those means kept from death, yet, more frequently, the varied drapery conceals, and sometimes even chokes the form and force within. As a puppet it is brought upon the stage, and when the day's sombre drama of human life is ended, it, and its dress, become the new farce to while away the drowsy moments of leisure or fatigue, until men grow weary of it, and another takes its place.

Perhaps, no truth illustrates this more fully than that which underlies the painted, and many-folded drapery of animal magnetism. Soon after its birth, and while yet quite young, it fell into the hands of Mesmer, who brought it on the stage gorgeously apparelled. It, and its dress, became the great wonders of the

day, and were the sources of attraction to Paris, from all parts of Europe. Thousands were cured, or believed that they were cured, by its means, of all 'the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to;' it was the interpreter of the future, and the exponent of the past; by some, it was believed to be a new embodiment and outgoing of a directly divine inspiration, as they felt in its aura the cool gales of Paradise; whilst others thought those gales were not quite cool enough for such a source, and imagined Mesmer had laid bare 'the Stygian pit,' and was himself 'that wicked one' unbound. It was a truly serious thing to many; grave and good people shook their heads at it, and could not mention Mesmer or his deeds in doubtful twilight, without an anxious glance around them. Learned doctors shrugged their shoulders; pronounced it an unsafe thing, a thing incredible; and yet, 'for fear of the people,' no one dared to say it was a lie. It was something more than a nine-days' wonder; there was some truth in it; but what it was, and where it lay, they could not tell.

At length some men, less credulous, and more courageous, than the rest, defied its influence; with its novelty, its power to heal had in a great measure died away; and, as new tricks and new disguises were thrown around it, and as quickly, by some daring hand, torn off, still more outrageous patchwork became its dress; it was told to say and do things beyond its power; it made blunders, and was laughed at for them; was thought unfit for a place in respectable society; was despised and hooted from the stage. But it did not die; now and then, in some unexpected place, its voice was heard, and there was reality and life in its tone. Men tried to believe that there was no such thing, and that it was a trick entirely, a speaking automaton, very clever, and very like to life, but a dressed-up machine only, a mere tool in the hands of its contriver. Holloway's pills, or cold water, could either of them cure more diseases than it ever had the power of doing; and its wonders were far outshone by the Wizard of the North, the Invisible Lady, and the Sleeping Boy. As a pure deception it was very good; but the man who speaks of it in any other sense, is either a deceiver, or its dupe. Such is the decision of the world's jury of wise men at the present hour; and sentence of death, though long since passed, is not as yet executed. A few, credulous enough to believe what all the rest deny, are doomed to frequent disappointment. Others, confident that there is some truth concealed by the drapery that was so attractive once, but of which only fragments, scarcely enough to cover it, remain around it now, and not feeling themselves bound by the dicta of the 'wise men,' reserve their judgment, hoping that proof of its real life will be given on some future day; or that its rags

will be torn off from its limbs, itself dissected, its structure shown, and its apparent vitality explained by some other well-established laws.

Without allowing that the Baron von Reichenbach has done all this, we feel no hesitation in affirming that he has made many important steps in the right direction. His researches stand alone, and they are a model many would do well to follow of clear, careful, and dispassionate inquiry.

In the researches before us, we have little or nothing of trances, clairvoyance, and coma; but we have the result of careful investigation into the causes of those phenomena, and of many others not previously connected with them. We are less employed with the consideration of its effects upon, and witnessed in the human organism, than with the laws which regulate this new force, and its manifestations as objective phenomena. Our sensations are nothing more than recognised changes of our own being, and they inform us of the properties of matter only so far as those properties can modify our organism. There may be, and probably are, more properties of matter unknown to us than known; and it is so because they do not induce changes in our system which we are capable of recognising. Although thus limited, all our knowledge of the material world is still derived from sensation; it is the mirror reflecting upon our consciousness the imaged universe, and by it we see, but it is 'as in a glass, darkly.'

Strictly speaking, then, we are not acquainted with any of the phenomena of matter objectively, but only with their subjective pictures. Thus, all the laws of light (its composition, decomposition, sources, and much of its action) have been developed by observing the effects which it produces on our organs of vision; and the phenomena, for which they are the general expressions, are called objective. In the same sense, the researches of Reichenbach are upon objective facts and agents, witnessed by many individuals as external to themselves, but differing from those of other branches of inquiry in producing changes in the human organism which every individual is not able to perceive; differing, however, still more from the phenomena of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and the like, which were almost invariably displayed *in* the persons subjected to their influence.

After lengthy prefaces by both editor and author, we have a short introduction, telling us, that amongst any fifteen or twenty individuals taken at random, we shall find a certain number conscious of a peculiar sensation when a powerful magnet is passed near to, but not in contact with, the surface of their arms and hands.

Part I. of the work comprises seven treatises upon different subjects. The first of these is upon 'Luminous Appearances at the Poles and Sides of Strong Magnets.' From considering the variable amount and intensity of light yielded by differently-constituted flames—the difference of acuteness in the senses of individuals—together with the occasional appearance of the Aurora Borealis—the Baron was induced to ascertain whether persons endowed with more than usual acuteness of sensation could recognise any luminous appearances at the poles of an ordinary magnet, which might serve to explain the Northern lights. His experiments were made upon six morbidly-sensitive young ladies; and the result, in each instance, was, that they *were* 'able to perceive light, and flame-like appearances, on the magnet.'

The observations were varied in their nature, and conducted with admirable caution; although some are less satisfactory than others, yet they are not those upon which the Baron places his greatest reliance. We allude to experiments which would show that the magnetic light is capable of acting upon the plate of the daguerreotype, and of being concentrated in the focus of a lens. The latter rests upon the testimony of Mdle. Reichel alone; and we take this early opportunity of remarking upon the whole of the first part,—the results of which are gathered almost exclusively from experiments upon the six individuals already alluded to,—that there is a deficiency in the author's statement of the manner in which many of the descriptions were elicited, although there are minute accounts of the methods adopted, so far as external conditions are concerned. It is well known to those who have watched closely the processes of the human mind when in a condition of morbid nervous sensibility, that the statements which individuals make, though perfectly true to their own sensations and belief, may be, and often are, anything but faithful accounts of objective phenomena. Impressions made upon such persons are magnified to an almost incredible degree, and they project the intensity of their sensation into the power of the impressing cause. Sometimes their sensations may be a delicate measure of real changes, which we who are less susceptible do not observe; but quite as frequently they are entirely subjective in their origin, or may even be indices of some variation in precisely the opposite direction. With individuals of this class, the faintest suggestion calls so vivid a picture before the mind that they are unable to persuade themselves it is not real. Reichenbach is not a physician, and he may not be fully aware of the difficulties to be encountered in such cases; yet from the careful manner in which he proceeded, and from the knowledge he must have of the power of 'leading questions,'

we should think that he would use all imaginable caution to guard against fallacies from such a source. Indeed, in many instances, he shows that he has done this, and we only wish that, in the commencement, he had removed all doubt upon the subject. How far the results from statements made by these morbid *sensitives* may be modified or confirmed by the more extended researches detailed in the second part, will appear in the sequel.

We proceed now to the second treatise. At its commencement we are told that the magnet has the power of attracting the hands of sensitive persons so strongly that they grasp its poles, and involuntarily follow its movement in any direction. This adhesion of the hand was accompanied by 'an agreeable sensation, combined with a soft, cooling breeze, or aura, which flowed downwards from the magnet to the hand.' The attractive force of a powerful instrument was found unimpeded by any substance placed between it and the individual acted on. The question soon presented itself to the mind of the Baron, 'whether the attraction exerted by the magnet on the patient was mutual . . . whether magnetic attraction existed in her person.' After many careful experiments, and clever arguments from them, he answers in the negative. He is well aware of the objections which may be urged against this negative result, from the well-known law in physics of the constant existence of reaction with action. He does not endeavour to explain this apparent exception, but suggests some analogous conditions which might render it more intelligible, or, at least, relieve its solitude; he refers to 'all the attractions and repulsions which vegetative life, both in animals and plants, continually effect without our being able to perceive or infer the existence of mutual attraction;' and he instances the force exerted by a root in penetrating a hard soil, overcoming powerful mechanical obstacles, and yet presenting 'no indications of mutual attraction or repulsion which may impel it so forcibly.'

In the next place, many experiments with glasses of water, subjected to the action of a magnet, are detailed; and they show that each of his *sensitives* had the power of detecting immediately, amongst any number of similar glasses, that which had been thus treated. It was then found that 'all sorts of minerals, drugs, and objects of all kinds, when magnetized, acted in the same *general* manner upon the patients, but with various (minor) differences in their mode of action.' Some caused tonic (continued) spasm of the fingers, and of these many solicited the hand to follow them; whilst about an equal number did not produce that effect; others were apparently inert. A long list of the substances experimented with is then given, and they are

classified according to the effect they produced. 'Among the *amorphous* substances, there was not one which acted so that the patient grasped it in her fingers; and, on the other hand, all the bodies which produced that effect were *crystallized*.'

An interesting investigation follows, to ascertain whether the polar force residing in crystals, and possessed by them in common with the magnet, is identical with what is known as magnetism. We give a 'retrospect' of the arguments in the Baron's own words:—'It does not attract iron; causes no tendency in any bodies to assume a direction related to the magnetic polarity of the earth; has no action on the magnetic needle; induces no galvanic current in a wire; and is, therefore, *not* magnetism.'

Perhaps more startling than these results is the last of this second treatise,—that crystals, in the dark, emitted from their poles light visible to sensitive eyes. The appearances are described as 'singularly beautiful;' and the Baron finds strong confirmation of his discovery, in the well-known fact of the development of light during crystallization, frequently observed by chemists, and shown by M. Heinrich Rose to be unconnected with the production of heat or electricity—so far as the negative results given by our most delicate means of detecting changes in the condition of those agents will serve to establish their absence.

The third treatise is entitled—'An Attempt to establish fixed Physical Laws in regard to the variable Phenomena hitherto classed under the general name of Animal Magnetism.' In addition to the six morbid *sensitives*, we have M. C. Schuh and M. Schmidt bearing witness to the facts of this treatise. The first point ascertained is, that terrestrial magnetism exerts a peculiar influence upon healthy and diseased subjects; and that certain positions with regard to the magnetic meridian are perfectly intolerable to the latter, whilst others are accompanied by no unpleasant sensations. This was first observed accidentally, in the person of M. Schuh; and, coupled with the discovery that one of the six *sensitives* of whom we have said so much, always 'instinctively sought out, and insisted upon occupying, a certain position in her bed,' which position was found to be 'exactly in the plane of the magnetic meridian,' the Baron was induced to make a series of observations upon the phenomena; and the general result obtained was, that the most easy position is with the head to the north, and the most painful with the head to the west.

We now approach the subject of animal magnetism. That an unknown something could be transmitted from the magnet, or crystal, to other bodies, and from them to a sensitive person, was

ascertained when Dr. Endlicher and the physician to one of the Baron's *sensitives* made the following experiment. Dr. Endlicher was stroked with the magnet, and then placed in contact with the patient, and he found that as he 'was able with his hand to attract hers, to attach it to his own, and to cause it to follow in every direction . . . the same unknown something must have entered into the person of the physician.' The experiment was repeated in varied forms, and with similar and consistent results. 'When,' says Reichenbach, 'I performed passes with my large rock-crystal, the result was the same. But I could produce the very same effect by using, instead of the magnet or crystal, my hands alone . . . the peculiar force must, therefore, reside in my hands.' The *aura* was felt flowing from the fingers, by the six girls, and also by three strong and healthy men; the force residing in the hands was found to be capable of conduction by different substances; bodies could be charged with it, and retain it for a limited period; there was found to be polar opposition as the cause of different effects produced when the hands were tried separately; and, lastly, luminous appearances were evident to the sensitive, emanating from the finger-points. It is somewhat strange, that these luminous appearances were not witnessed at an earlier stage of the researches. The Baron appears to give the history of his observations in the order in which they were made; and it is difficult to comprehend why the *sensitives* did not observe the 'fiery bundles of light flowing from the finger-points,' when he was arranging the magnets and crystals in the dark. If they were witnessed, why were they not mentioned? One of the *sensitives*, it is said, 'possessed this power from her childhood,' and 'her mother had often been obliged to raise her in her arms, that she might convince herself that there was no fire proceeding from nails and hooks in the walls, as she often spoke of such appearances with wonder.' This, however, does not lessen the difficulty we feel in placing confidence in all the revelations of these girls. This new force in the human hand is shown to be similar to that in the magnet and the crystal; but it is not magnetism.

The fourth treatise gives the detail of a number of experiments, the result of which is, that 'the force flowing from the solar rays on bodies, produces the same luminous phenomena as that proceeding from the magnet, from crystals, &c.,' and that its effects coincide with theirs. These observations are of peculiar interest in the present stage of research into the laws and action of light. The seven colours of the prismatic spectrum, counted by Newton, and their analysis into three, by Sir D. Brewster, are familiar to every one. Sir D. Brewster established

that each of the three primary rays, though predominating at a particular part of the spectrum, was yet not absent in the others; and also, that there might be found at every point a certain quantity of colourless light. The rays of heat are distributed very unequally throughout the luminous spectrum; the greatest amount being found associated with the red, and the least with the violet rays. When, however, the solar beam is decomposed by a prism of rock-salt (a substance allowing, as shown by Melloni, 92 per cent. of the rays of heat to pass through it, whilst mirror glass transmit only 62 per cent.), the rays of heat are found to extend, and to have their point of maximum intensity considerably beyond the visible spectrum, on the side of the red rays. Prisms of other substances will give the greatest amount of heat with the yellow rays; thus showing that heat and light, though associated in the sunbeam, have rays peculiar to themselves, and are distinct from one another. There are, in the solar beam, *chemical* forces, and they are found to be concentrated a little way out of the visible spectrum on the side of the violet rays.

The effect of light upon vegetation has long been known, and its laws studied. All the functions of plants are interfered with if they are removed from its influence; as a general rule colour disappears, and a turgid tissue remains but to decay. We say, *as a general rule*: for weeds have been brought up from depths of the sea, which no visible light could have penetrated; and yet they have been found green. Plants are etiolated in the dark; yet they produce seeds, in the interior of which are found embryos that are green. That portion of the solar beam which influences the vitality of plants may be free from the laws which regulate the rays of light, and we cannot say that it is unable to pierce those hidden depths, from which the rays are known to be excluded. Unlike the chemical and heat rays, it is not concentrated beyond the spectrum on either side, but each division of the spectrum appears to have something in it which acts on vegetation in a manner differing from the others. Now Reichenbach finds, that 'the blue and violet were the chief seats of the grateful coolness' felt by his sensitive patients; but that 'the more common manifestation of crystalline force, on the other hand, viz., the sensation of warmth . . . increased from the yellow in the middle, towards the orange, and became strongest deep in the red.' From the manner in which the experiments were conducted, it was impossible that changes of temperature could reach the observer; but there must have been some specific action on the sensitive nerve, of a force not hitherto isolated, but existing in the solar beam.

The relation of light to vitality is becoming of great interest, and we hope that the future researches of the Baron will give

us more information on the subject. Shall we by the sensations of certain individuals be able to isolate that portion of the solar beam which has direct influence upon life? We appear to be approaching such an end. This new force described by Reichenbach is not light, it is not heat, neither is it chemical agency; but a certain something distinct from, and independent of, those agents, though associated with them in the sun's rays.

The strides taken by our author make the leaps of Lucifer and Festus—when, on 'Ruin' and 'Darkness,' their two black steeds, they 'took at once the Pyrenees'—dwindle into most lethargic crawling; for he tells us in the next section that 'it was only a step from the sun to the moon;' and, having arrived at the latter orb, he details a series of experiments similar to those performed with the solar ray, the result of which is, that the moon's light is not *mere moonshine*, and that 'although it yields us no heat, yet along with its light it possesses a powerful force, which exhibits the same properties as that residing in crystals, &c.'

The fifth treatise is an affirmative answer to the question:— 'Is chemical action another source of the power residing in magnets, crystals, living men, &c.?' This field for research is of almost unlimited extent. We are 'directed to the source from which, in all probability, the human body itself draws its supplies of the so-called magnetic force . . . this source is digestion.' Chemical processes are not confined to digestion, however; but in every atom of our organism they are taking place. Reichenbach here quotes Liebig to support his views. 'M. Liebig,' he remarks, 'has led us to the conception that all our motive power is derived from the process of digestion and nutrition, and all our animal heat from respiration. In other words, both our motive power and heat are derived from chemical action.'* It

* These words need some explanation. Liebig's views upon the intimate chemical changes taking place in the process of respiration have exhibited much variety, still to him is due a large share of the merit of connecting that process with the development of heat. Before, and during the time of the illustrious Hervey, respiration was supposed to cool the blood; he often speaks of it as accomplishing this end. Dr. J. Mayo was the first to controvert the generally-received opinion, and to state that the changes produced in the lungs were accompanied by the development of heat. Dr. Black, Lavoisier, and Laplace, ascribed this development to an oxidating process; and an ingenious (though incorrect) theory was proposed by Crawford to account for the equality of temperature in extreme parts of the body, with this centre of heat, the lungs; as it was supposed that the process of oxidation was confined to them. Lagrange and Hassenfratz set Crawford's theory aside, by showing that chemical changes were taking place in every and extreme portions of the system; and that, consequently, it was unnecessary. Liebig analyzed the changes that were in action; represented them in symbols; and proved, by careful experiment and calculation, that the amount of oxidation was quite sufficient to produce all the heat developed in the system; and that this oxidation was the essential part of the process of respiration.

must not, however, be understood, when it is said, 'all our animal heat is derived from respiration,' that we mean only that process which is conducted by the lungs; but rather, the action of oxygen upon oxygenizable materials throughout the whole system: that oxygen having for its source the air we breathe, and for its principal entrance into our system, the lungs.

In the sixth treatise we are told that 'something dynamic proceeds from matter as such,' giving rise to sensations various in kind and degree. Substances could be classified by the *sensitives*; and 'the investigation had hardly reached a dozen,' 'when,' (says the Baron) 'I could perceive a law developing itself, the bodies arranged themselves according to their electro-chemical order.' M. Schuh and others confirmed the classification; and scarcely a single substance was found to be inert. 'Reserving for another opportunity the etymological justification of the term,' this new force is now called 'Odyle,' and our author concludes his sixth treatise with some sanguine expectations, and an apology for the word he has coined.

'Dualism in the phenomena of Odyle' is the next topic for research. The two hands are said to be polar, and their polarity is the same in both sexes; the right corresponding to the northward pole of the magnet, and the cool pole of the crystal, and *vice versâ*. The polarity of amorphous substances is connected with their electro-chemical character. Organized beings are then examined, with some interesting results; and then *odyle in man* is the point for inquiry. Different parts of the body have different amounts of force; and there are variations in the same part at certain hours of the day and night. Following these particulars, we have observations upon the course of odyle in the head during the twenty-four hours, and after them a series of researches upon the comparative intensity of the forehead and hind-head during the waking and sleeping stages of our existence. In the present condition of the physiology of the nervous system, we confess ourselves surprised at encountering the following assertion:—'The phenomenon of sleep is governed by the posterior part of the brain, probably by the cerebellum, while the forehead ceases from its mental labour; and when the forehead again, under the influence of the solar rays, resumes its activity, the hind-head relinquishes its claims on the vital energies.' (Pp. 201.) In direct opposition to all that has hitherto been established with regard to the functions of the different parts of the encephalon, we cannot allow ourselves to believe, that, by means of what our author himself terms 'an obscure feeling alone,' we have arrived at anything so beautifully definite as the division of labour here made out—our vitality, pendulum-like, swinging from our forehead by day, to our hind-head by night: in the one instance giving us mental

activity, and in the other sleep. We do not now specially call in question the acuteness of Mdle. Reichel's sense of touch; or the truthfulness of her statements with regard to its indications. Without doing this, it is possible to believe that the position of the Baron's head in relation to his pillow, his window, or his watch, should cause the differences she felt. Upon no other ground than this observation of Reichenbach can we suppose the cerebellum to be inactive during the day; the views of Gall and Spurzheim upon its function have not, we believe, sufficient evidence in their favour to overbalance the arguments derived from comparative anatomy against them; but those who do believe in their craniological system (of phrenology) could not well interpret by its aid cerebellar inactivity during the waking hours. The experiments of Flourens, confirmed by those of Bouillaud and Hertwig, lead to the conclusion that the function of the cerebellum is that of combining the action of muscles in groups for the accomplishment of a particular end; and this view, which is confirmed by comparative anatomy, and appears more correct than any other, is still more difficult to reconcile with Reichenbach's speculation about its governing sleep. Majendie's experiments indicate a further connexion of this organ with the *motor* functions, the nature of which is still obscure; but which would be much more so were we to believe it active during sleep alone. Some physiologists think that the cerebellum is the special organ of the muscular sense; and,—with this addition to its functions—our difficulties are increased still more in attempting to receive Reichenbach's dogmata.

The cerebrum is probably more active during the day than during sleep, and we may in some measure understand the greater intensity of odyle at that time. As the cerebrum is the highest link in the chain of organs, by which processes of the unseen mind are connected with and developed in matter; and by which the properties of that matter are recognised; we can see that in proportion to the kind and amount of psychico-physical action, will be that kind and amount of change in structure which our author's researches would tend to show that a sensitive person may detect. But the activity of the pure mind is not necessarily connected with, or indexed by, the activity of the brain. Are there no mental processes independent of matter? What becomes of the mind during a dreamless sleep? If inactive, can it be said to exist? Has it, as seeds have, a dormant vitality? If acting, what relation does that action bear to the organs by which mental processes become developed when awake? Is there any relation? Do we live another life in that sleep, which we are unable, at our waking, to recall? Do we sometimes gain a glimpse of it? Are we still carrying on that other life of which 'our birth' to this 'is but a sleep, and a

forgetting?" Shall we ever arrive at some high point from which we can command the two? Will that birth into the pure spiritual world, which we expect, be something more than 'a sleep and a forgetting;' a remembrance, and union of the elements that are severed now? Shall we then gather up the fragments of our divided lives, and piece them into a completer structure? Shall we find that the life which we do not believe to be finite in the future, has been infinite in the past?

These are questions which, we fear, odylic light will not illumine; but the fact that in a state of somnambulism, whether naturally or artificially produced, there is frequently a continued life, distinct from that of the waking state in being without the circle of its recollection, but linked with it by the use of language, and that much knowledge is thereby acquired, gives indication of something more than mere possibility in such conjectures.

We must leave these somewhat enticing questions, and return to the work before us, the first part of which is now concluded with a *resumé*, in fifty-six paragraphs. It would be as unphilosophical to reject all its statements, as to receive the whole with open-armed credulity. When Humboldt first experienced an earthquake's shock, though he had long expected and imagined it, he was overwhelmed with amazement; and as the earth, with which, from the earliest dawn of mind, all his ideas of stability and rest were associated, began to tremble beneath his feet, he tells us that he felt as if he was beginning life afresh; the world was a changed thing to him—it was new. If we have not a new world opened to us here, we have discovered to us a new door into a wide tract of country before almost untrodden, and there may be some revelations there greater than all the rest. To many of us the gates are shut, and all that we shall ever know of its contents will be derived from those who (more finely strung) are permitted to enter in, behold its wonders, and tell us somewhat of them. We must search our travellers with the utmost scrutiny, increase their numbers, compare their statements, and weigh them well; we must not believe 'cunningly devised fables;' yet we must reject as false that alone which *proves* itself to be so.

We cannot refrain from noticing a remark made by the translator (Dr. Gregory), upon the unreasonableness of certain objections urged against these researches, on this ground of insufficient testimony. 'Such objections,' he observes, 'possess far less cogency than is usually ascribed to them; they are generally brought forward by those who cannot, or will not, investigate for themselves.' This may be true, in many instances; but upon this odyle every man *has* to some extent made the investigation for himself. *We* do not see magnets flaming in the dark; we do not see light flickering over graves;

nor can we feel a cool *aura* from the sun; we are unconscious of the phenomena described; we therefore require the fullest testimony to believe in their existence as objective realities; and it would be the extreme of folly to receive as true any of them without sufficient evidence for their support. With regard to the phenomena of magnetic, or odylie *light*, we have this in abundance; for in the second part a list of persons is given, 'who possess the power, in different degrees, of observing the peculiar phenomena.' Among the names given are many well-known and highly-famed men; *e. g.* Professors Endlicher and Rössner, Drs. Ragsky, Huss, &c. We have, also, in the Introduction, an elaborate argument, to show that odyle is not heat, magnetism, or electricity.

We pass to the eighth treatise. It is on the luminous phenomena of odyle as witnessed over the magnet. Thirty-five of the observers are healthy individuals—men and women of various ages and stations in society; some of the detailed accounts of the flames they saw are highly interesting; the magnitude and intensity of the luminous phenomena being in proportion to the sensitiveness of the observer, they consequently vary in their descriptions. The list of healthy is followed by that of 'sickly *sensitives*,' composed of 'eight individuals;' and then we have the third list of 'diseased.' Five are mentioned, and to them, of course, we add the six upon whose testimony the greater number of observations, in the first part, rested. The forms of emanation from the magnet are minutely examined; there is odylie glow and odylie flame; its direction, colour, and relation to external agents, are then subjected to every imaginable scrutiny, into the details of which we cannot enter. The Baron concludes his remarks on them, by explaining the nightly dance of ghosts, witches, and devils, on the Blocksberg, by odylie light:—

'High on the Brocken, there are rocky summits which are strongly magnetic, and cause the needle to deviate; . . . these rocks contain disseminated magnetic iron ore; . . . the necessary consequence is that they send up odylie flames. . . . Who could blame persons, imbued with the superstitious feelings of their age, if they saw, under these circumstances, the devil dancing with his whole train of ghosts, demons, and witches? The revels of the Walpurgisnacht must now, alas! vanish, and give place to the sobrieties of science—science, which, with her touch, dissipates one by one all the beautiful but dim forms evoked by phantasy.'—P. 358.

Odylie threads, scintillations, down, and smoke, are then examined, and the changes they exhibit in different media; their brightness is found to increase as the pressure upon them is diminished. The remaining pages of the volume are occupied with an elaborate investigation of the colours of odylie light;

they are found to have an iris-like arrangement, and to be modified by terrestrial magnetism ; a spherical magnet (that is, a metallic sphere, with a magnet in its axis) is found to give rise to odylic light, in a form precisely resembling the aurora borealis. The illuminating power of the light is then examined—its concentration ; and lastly, the Northern lights, as phenomena having it for their source. Reichenbach is well fitted to undertake this inquiry, from his long perseverance in meteorological research. His arguments tend to show that the aurora borealis is an odylic phenomenon, upon so grand a scale, that it is visible to *all* eyes.

The book, as a whole, is one of no ordinary interest, and we look anxiously for the promised account of extended investigation. It appears to us impossible to question the existence of *odylic light from the magnet*. Although it would be extremely unjust to reject as false the other phenomena detailed in the first part, still we feel confident that the nature of the testimony upon which, at present, they are resting is such that it will not convince many minds of their truth.

Since the appearance of these 'Researches,' animal magnetism has, in Edinburgh, risen to extraordinary activity ; a 'mesmeric mania' (as Dr. Bennett terms it) has been epidemic. Dr. Gregory has given much time to its investigation, and the results of his personal labours (with many others) are detailed in the work he has recently published. It is of a totally different order from that of Reichenbach ; but it will not fail to interest deeply those who are 'candid inquirers in animal magnetism.' The more common, and the 'higher phenomena,' are described in a simple and pleasing style ; but our limited space precludes the possibility of saying more about it than heartily to recommend its perusal to all who would doubt, disbelieve, or fear, this newly-re-risen force.

Reichenbach's 'Researches' open a new era in natural history, as well as in the history of the human mind. Science seems daily moving farther into the border-land between the seen and unseen—the eternal and the temporal—the spirit and 'this muddy vesture of decay.' Still we do not imagine that we have arrived at an ultimate fact, principle, or law ; we may soon find that we are only at the beginning of a new series. 'Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth, and around every circle another may be drawn ; there is no end in nature ; but every end is a beginning—there is always another dawn risen upon mid-noon.'

Brief Notices.

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Letter to the Editor of the 'Eclectic Review.' By the Author of the 'Theory of Human Progression.' London and Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

THE readers of our April number will remember that in our review of the 'Theory of Human Progression,' we expressed our conviction that the argument of the author was derived from the 'Philosophie Positive' of M. Comte, and our regret 'that, in a work abounding in so many excellent qualities, the author should have allowed any of his readers to attribute to him profound discoveries made at least twenty years ago.' In thus expressing ourselves, we had no object but that of fair and honest criticism. The author was utterly unknown to us. We made application to the London publisher for his name, and it was refused. Anything like personal *animus*, therefore, as originating our strictures, was out of the question. Moreover, we gave the author credit for great ability, in several parts of our notice. The gravamen of our charge was, that he had followed in the steps of the French philosopher, without a hint—even in the shape of a foot-note—that he had followed in the steps of another. We gave the reason for arriving at this conviction. We adduced parallel passages from the 'Theory' and from the 'Philosophie Positive,' leaving it to our readers to judge respecting the question of similarity.

The letter before us is written in self-vindication by the author of the work in question. We are quite willing that he should have an opportunity of setting himself right with the public; and we now direct the attention of our readers to this rejoinder, in the hope that such as honoured the review with a perusal, will do justice to the author of the 'Theory of Human Progression,' by an equally careful perusal of his answer. We have no purpose to serve but that of truth.

The author affirms that he never read the 'Philosophie Positive,' and is in no sense indebted to it, directly or indirectly, for the scheme of classification he has adopted, or the argument based upon it. He admits that he had read Sir David Brewster's Review of the 'Philosophie Positive,' in the 'Edinburgh Review' of 1838, and also Mr.

Lewes's account of Comte in his 'Biography of Philosophy;' but he asserts that from neither of these notices did he derive any assistance in forming his 'Theory.' Although we think there is enough in these two notices to suggest all the essentials of the argument in the 'Theory of Human Progression,' we will not for a moment dispute the truth of the author's testimony respecting himself. We accept his explanation all the more readily, inasmuch as he attributes the origination of his scheme of classification to the 'Paradoxes de Condillac,' of M. Laromiguière, in which the same *principle* as that developed and applied by M. Comte is to be found. This treatise of M. Laromiguière, he says, 'I have translated, annotated, and continued, with a view to its publication, and for the very purpose of showing that a genuine classification of the sciences may be drawn from it.' We shall await with a pleasurable anxiety the translation referred to, and none will be more satisfied than ourselves if it sustains the averments of the translator respecting its transcendent merits. We repeat what we advanced in the review of April—'If, after all that we have said, it can be shown that the author of the "Theory of Human Progression" has arrived at results identical with those published in 1830 by M. Comte, yet without any knowledge of their prior discovery, not even the author will be more gratified than ourselves.'

We felt inclined, in commencing this notice, to touch upon several points in the letter that somewhat provoke remark. But we refrain. We can excuse the author's irritability as evinced in a few stray sentences here and there; and as for the attempt to show that after all there is an *essential* difference between his scheme of classification and that of M. Comte, we refer our readers once more to the passages adduced in the review from the respective authors. We know that there is a difference between the two schemes, and we pointed it out fully and fairly in our comparison; but we still deny that the difference is *essential*.

We are not sorry that our notice of the 'Theory of Human Progression' should have called forth an explanation from the author, and the promise of another work from his pen, which we trust will render that explanation perfectly satisfactory.

So far respecting the author of the 'Theory of Human Progression.' Before closing, however, we must say a word respecting the brief advertisement prefixed to his 'Letter' by his publishers. Of this advertisement we complain, as adapted to do us injustice in a matter about which we entertain strong views. The 'Letter' was forwarded to us for insertion, and, say Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter 'it was returned on the ground of its being too long.' In these words they have, unintentionally, wronged us by stating only a part of the truth. The 'Letter,' as we replied to the author on the 21st of April, came into our hands too late for insertion in our May number, and embraced other topics than such as were strictly explanatory. After admitting the *right* of an author, when he deems himself misrepresented, to re-joinder in our pages, we said:—'If you will have the kindness to omit such parts of it as do not affect your vindication, you may be assured of our giving it insertion in our June number. We regret that

such a delay should be needful, but the May number is already so far made up as to preclude the possibility of any other arrangement.'

We need say no more. So much was needful to prevent the supposition of our having, in this case, deviated from a rule which has been strictly followed for fourteen years.

Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. *The New Testament. The 'Received Text,' with selected various Readings from Griesbach, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf; and References to Parallel Passages.* London: Samuel Baxter and Sons.

THIS volume is one of the most valuable of Messrs. Bagster's Biblical publications, forming, with the Septuagint, noticed in our last number, a complete copy of the Holy Scriptures in Greek. The type is large and luxurious, the very perfection of a book for *habitual* use. While Mill's text is used, the various readings are given in the margin, on a clear, intelligible plan, accompanied by select parallel references. The margin of the Gospels, also, presents the harmonized sections of Ammonius, and the Canons of Eusebius, arranged in a manner that greatly facilitates the comparative study of the Four Evangelists. The preface mentions a synopsis of various readings, with a full, critical introduction, giving the history of the text in common use, and a statement of the critical principles on which Griesbach, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, have respectively carried on their revisions. From the specimen which we have examined, we infer that the Synopsis will be a useful companion to the Greek Testament, whether of this or any other edition. It is very gratifying to recommend this admirable Greek Testament to those—and they are not few—who have felt the want of exactly such a volume for their daily reading.

Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America, developed in a critical Examination of the Book of the Chronicles of the Land of Ecnarf. By Rev. Aristarchus Newlight, Phil. Dr. of the University of Giessen, Corresponding Member of the Theophilanthropic and Paulisocratical Societies of Leipzig, late Professor of all Religions in several distinguished Academies at home and abroad, &c. &c. &c. London: Parker.

THIS pamphlet is an elaborate joke, but a joke with a grave purpose,—the mirth taking its spring in the title-page, flowing on through the Dedication, and expanding into a broad mere, or inundation of merriment, in the body of the work and its notes. For the delectation of our readers, we present them with the Dedication:—

'To the learned and enlightened public of Europe and America, specially to those eminent critics, at home and abroad, whose labours upon Jewish history I have humbly made my model: to Dr. W. M. Leberecht de Wette, Dr. D. F. Strauss, Mr. F. W. Newman, these pages are inscribed by their faithful servant, the Commentator. Scilly, April 1.'

The author's philological fun runs riot in the notes, of which we

furnish only one specimen, with the design of whetting the appetite for a hearty participation of the whole by those learned gentlemen who defer to our critical opinions, and will consequently possess themselves of the work. It is on the name Noel-opan (Napoleon), and proceeds thus:—‘This, I have no doubt, was not his real name, but the *nick-name* under which he was known in Niatirb (Britain). Noel-opan is nothing more nor less than “the godless revolution.” נאן, as Gesenius justly observes, is radically equivalent to *verneinen*, *vernichten*, to deny or annihilate. As a particle, it answers to the Greek negative νη (in νηπιος, νημερης, &c.)—the Latin *ne* or *non*—the English *no*—the German *nein*—the Arabic ع. *El* (لن), as every one knows, is the name of God: Noel, therefore, is the same as ἄθεος, *godless*. נאן *opan*, actually occurs as the name of a *wheel*, in Ezekiel, in Exod. xiv. 25, and many other places. In its contracted form, נאן it denotes a *period* or *revolution* of time. It is impossible to resist these little obvious, but on that account more striking, evidences of the antiquity of the document. The framers of the story of Napoleon were, I fancy, aware of the true etymology of Noel-opan. Hence they represent a great literary bugbear (Lord Byron) as signing his name “Noel Byron,” just as Shelley is said to have written ἄθεος after his name, in the album at Chamouni.’

As of fun and philology, so is the author possessed of an abundant store of the logical and the imitative faculty. In fact, the brochure before us is a highly successful parody of that style of slashing philological and historical criticism which distinguishes the foremost Neological divines of Germany. Other writers have preceded our author in this style of argument, none, perhaps, with power exceeding that displayed in the ‘Historic Doubts’ of Archbishop Whately; nevertheless, our ‘Aristarchus’ marches with manful pace at no great distance behind the singularly-gifted prelate.

Midnight Harmonies; or, Thoughts for the Season of Solitude and Sorrow. By Octavius Winslow, M.A. London: Shaw. 1851.

WE are far from thinking only of the intellectual and the strong in our literary labours. Gentle spirits and sorrowing hearts have tender claims on our sympathy, and we are truly thankful that Mr. Winslow has turned his own hours of sleepless mourning to such good account. To the readers of his former works this will not be less welcome than any of them, while it will be to others a pleasing specimen of the loving diligence with which he lives to bless and console his fellow-sufferers. It is a worthy companion to Bonar’s ‘Night of Weeping,’ Dr. Cumming’s ‘Voices of the Night,’ and Dr. Hamilton’s ‘Mount of Olives,’ of which the writer speaks with a respect that does honour to his Christian modesty. Our best recommendation of the volume is given in an epitome of its contents. It is divided into sixteen chapters, of nearly equal length, with the following attractive titles: ‘Songs in the Night; Jesus veiling his Dealings; Solitude sweetened; a Look from Christ;

Honey in the Wilderness; the godly Widow confiding in the Widow's God; Looking unto Jesus; Leaning upon the Beloved; the weaned Child; God, comforting as a Mother; Jesus only; the Incense of Prayer; the Day breaking.' The style is suited to the design—simple, tender, hortatory, interspersed with poetry, and enriched with citations from the Scriptures. The views of Divine truth are decidedly evangelical, and worthy of being placed on the pillow, not of the mourner only, but of many who need to be reminded of the mourners, and who are sometimes at a loss for words wherewith to comfort them.

A Brief History of the Wesleyan Missions on the Western Coast of Africa; including Biographical Sketches of all the Missionaries who have died in that important field of labour, &c. By William Fox. London: Aylott and Jones.

The Western Coast of Africa, &c. By William Fox.

THE former of these two volumes has small pretensions to the briefness claimed on the title-page, as it extends to the respectable dimensions of 624 closely printed octavo pages. If it had been half the size, it would have had double the interest. As it is, it smacks a good deal of the missionary platform, in its diffuseness, and, taking for granted that to the readers, Africa is what it used to be on maps—a vacant space but for the picture of an elephant in the middle. To meet this supposed ignorance, we have a long account of the early progress of discovery, and a still longer one of the slave-trade, both mainly compilations from common authorities, and neither presenting any new facts nor any old ones, with such force as

'Gars auld claiths look amaist as weel's the new.'

The same subject is resumed in the smaller work, standing second in our heading—which is the clearing up of the materials collected for the larger—and gives the author's opinion on the means for the suppression of the slave-trade: they are three—more forts, more missionaries, more men of war—all three to be paid by Government! The properly missionary part of the book is much superior to the rest. It tells a story of Christian heroism in plain, unpretending language, and will supply many readers among the religious public with new knowledge of the noble army of martyrs that the Church even now numbers in her ranks. We gather that the Wesleyan missions on the Western African coast commenced forty years ago, and now comprise twelve circuits, sixty preaching places, fifteen missionaries, 6,000 communicants, and 14,000 hearers. These results have cost the lives of fifty-four English agents out of 120! Of these fifty-four, thirty-eight died before having been a year on the field. All honour and reverence to the men who go; but ought not such a fact, set beside the still greater mortality among other missionaries on the same coast, lead to very serious questioning among us who send, *whether European agency is the proper one for Africa?*

The Mass. By William Anderson, LL.D. Glasgow: Robert Jackson. Pp. 172.

ONE of the ablest of the daily journals has remarked it as a strange phenomenon in the constitution of the Roman Catholic Church, that in proportion as there are torpidity and weakness at the centre, there are activity and strength at the extremities. To us it seems supremely ridiculous, that the Pontiff, who trembles at the very sound of Mazzini's name, should meditate the spiritual conquest of Great Britain. We know not how the advisers, or English correspondents of the Pope, may have counselled him; but his late proceedings, in reference to these realms, are altogether in harmony with the idiosyncratic phenomenon in the Romish constitution to which we have referred. Certainly, no proceeding of the Vatican has been so bold as that which has created so great a commotion among us. Whatever it may be, and however it may issue, no proceeding on the part of a foreign potentate has created so general a manifestation against it in England. Ministers and members of Parliament have made 'Papal aggression' a rallying cry; and both in the senate, and on countless platforms, that 'aggression' has created no little angry feeling. The press has teemed with works in reference to it, till we wondered what more could be said on the question. Dr. William Anderson has come forward, with other Protestant defenders of the Faith, to give a vigorous blow at Rome; and though he needs no introduction from us to the English public, we heartily commend his 'Mass' for the perusal of all those who wish to learn, and at a trifling expense, the sad superstitions fostered by the Italian Church. The contents of the volume were delivered as lectures, in Glasgow, before 'The Young Men's Christian Association,' to whom the book is dedicated. It contains—'the Mass,' divided into six lectures: 'its Priest and Altar—its Consecration—its Elevation of the Host for Adoration—its Oblation, as an Expiatory Sacrifice—its Sacramental Communion by the Priest—its Communion by the People.' These are followed by some papers on 'The Man of Sin' and 'The Genius and Power of Popery.' There are also, at the close of the work, some valuable Notes. Dr. William Anderson has a considerable reputation in Scotland, and we trust our readers will hasten to become acquainted with him by a careful perusal of his excellent Lectures on 'The Mass.' The subject has now become hackneyed; but Dr. Anderson has presented it with much freshness, and in a style of considerable vigour. We hope he will again appear before us, either as a defender of the faith, or as a teacher of righteousness: in either duty he cannot but acquit himself well.

Buds and Leaves. By Joseph Anthony, jun. Manchester: Burge and Perrin. 1851. Pp. 108.

'CAN any good thing come out of Nazareth?' Can the muse have a home amid the cotton-mills, the factories, the everlasting dirt and drizzle of Manchester? Have the earnest workers there time and skill to manufacture rhymes as well as calicoes? Mr. Anthony, jun., comes forth to prove to the literary public that there is time for rhyming, as

well as for working, in that scene of ceaseless industry. He seems to think an apology for their publication is an appropriate introduction of his verses to the public; and therefore states, in his brief Preface, that, as he is going abroad, some of his friends at home may desire a small memento of the traveller, and, accordingly, he leaves them his 'Buds and Leaves.' It is not a very rhyming age we live in, and critics are not prone to regard with favour the rhyming productions of young men: for ourselves—and with some considerable experience in these matters—we regard a young man who is given to verse-making as a pitiable character; and we had rather see him busily engaged in the healthy activities of life, than wasting his time in inditing amorous or sentimental ditties. We want workers in the present day; we cannot afford to nourish dreamers. Mr. Anthony's 'Buds and Leaves' are a very promiscuous collection; in this volume we have rhymes on 'a Stormy Night,' on an 'Old Watch,' 'To a River,' 'The Demon Ride,' 'Clouds,' 'Fancies,' 'a Skylark,' 'On seeing two Swallows,' 'To a Boy,' 'On an old Railway Engine,' and the 'Garden Spider.' Flora, when suffering from insanity, could hardly cull a stranger medley of flowers. We do not know that Mr. Anthony's purely vernal production will render our readers wiser, or that it will improve the poetical taste of the day; but there are indications of ability in the little volume, and of a mind capable of better things. If Mr. Anthony will permit us to advise, we would recommend him to 'wait a wee,' till his 'Buds and Leaves' have grown into 'Flowers and Fruit;' and then he will be capable, we doubt not, of presenting, not his Manchester friends only, but the public, with an acceptable dish. In conclusion, we may say that the combination of clear type and neat binding render the volume an elegant book.

Emilie, the Peacemaker. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THE verdict of a jury of juveniles is that this is a dear, beautiful book, and the said verdict is accompanied with a request to the authoress to give us another as soon as may be. *We* may add, that the story is simply and tenderly told, carries unobtrusively in it, not at the end of it, a right lesson, and is the work of a Christian and a lady. Pure, gentle, and devout it therefore is, of course.

Historical Memorials of Broad-street Chapel, Reading. By William Legg, B.A., Pastor. Reading: Barcham.

THE multiplication of such memorials of the history of individual congregations is a good sign—indicating that Dissenters are not unduly yielding to that carelessness and contempt of the past to which their position and principles might seem to lead them. As materials, too, for more comprehensive history, this class of books has a value beyond the narrow circle to which they more directly appeal. We are glad to see pastors occupying themselves thus, and doing their simple work so unaffectedly and well as Mr. Legg in this little volume.

Life and Immortality brought to Light through the Gospel. A Funeral Discourse on the Decease of the Rev. Algernon Wells. By the Rev. T. Binney. To which is prefixed, the Funeral Address, by the Rev. H. F. Burder, D. D. With an Appendix, containing the Resolutions of various Societies on the Event. London: Jackson and Walford. 1851.

IMMEDIATELY after the decease of Mr. Wells we offered our humble and sincere tribute of admiration towards the dead, and of sympathy with the mourning family and bereaved church. The crowd of books and pamphlets on our table does not admit of our noticing single sermons, and our general rule is merely to announce their appearance in our monthly list of new publications. Though this pamphlet does not come precisely within that rule, we can but signify the regret with which we are compelled to confine ourselves within limits which forbid our doing justice either to the writers or to the occasion. Whether we consider the high position occupied by the late Mr. Wells, the characteristic excellences of the Funeral Address, or the remarkably full and minute discussion of one of the grandest themes of scripture to which the preacher has consecrated the highest efforts of his ripened faculties, we are constrained, by every motive to which we owe allegiance, to give to this publication the strongest and heartiest commendation in our power.

Oliver Cromwell; or, England in the Past viewed in relation to England in the Present. By the Rev. Joseph Denham Smith. Third Edition. London: John Snow. Dublin: John Robertson. 1851.

MR. SMITH has here done a good work, in bringing within the reach of the poorer classes the bright side of the greatest man in English history. Availing himself of the larger works of Vaughan, Carlyle, D'Aubigné, and Macaulay, he has drawn a biographical picture of Cromwell and of his times, which we very cheerfully commend to the favour of our readers.

Popery and Puseyism illustrated; a Series of Essays. With Addresses and Appeals to the Sunday-school Teachers of England. By John Campbell, D.D. London: J. Snow.

DR. CAMPBELL has attacked, in his own forcible style, the doctrines of tradition, confirmation and apostolical succession: and has also dissected the authorized Roman Catholic catechism in use in England. The volume is not intended as a complete work on the whole controversy. That is coming. This is mainly for Sunday-school teachers, and, accordingly, is brief, simple, scriptural, and strong. These are four good adjectives to couple together in describing a book on such a subject, but the volume before us deserves them all, and bears few marks of haste and pressing occupation beyond the rapid power with which its busy author has struck into the heart of his subjects.

The Tenderness of Jesus illustrated. By Rev. J. W. Richardson, of Tottenham-court Chapel. London: Snow.

THIS little work is founded upon the tenderness of Jesus towards the Widow of Nain. It embraces, however, although briefly, all the tenderness that characterised his ministry; and shows this so graphically, gracefully, and plainly, that it cannot fail to be useful amongst young Christians, and those who are confined at home by affliction. Both its size and spirit suit invalids and disconsolate penitents. It brings out "the gentleness" of the the Son of Man, without weakening his authority, or veiling his glory as the Son of God: a matter, we opine, not so much attended to as it ought to be. We, therefore, commend the book, and shall be glad to meet the author again in a wider field.

Review of the Month.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL passed the Commons on the 4th, with a majority of 217. The history of this measure is probably unexampled, and the scenes which marked its later stages are as unique, and reflect as little credit on the Irish members, as any passage of our modern Parliamentary history. Sir F. Thesiger having given notice of certain amendments which he intended to propose, with a view of rendering the measure more stringent, the Irish members, with their English allies, withdrew from the House without voting, and thus gave to the member for Abingdon a certain victory. For this result the seceders are alone to blame. Their course was unstatesmanlike, wanting in dignity, and perfectly ridiculous; and should future inconvenience result from the operation of these amendments, the country will know where the responsibility rests. The Premier did all in his power to prevent their adoption, and had he been sustained as common sense dictated, he might have succeeded. The opponents of the measure, however, most absurdly retired when their presence and votes might have been of service. As to the amendments themselves, the only one to which we seriously object is that which gives the power of prosecution to others than the law-officer of the Crown. Apart from this, their tendency is to render the bill more effective for the accomplishment of its avowed design, and we doubt not that Cardinal Wiseman and his friends are by this time deeply sensible of the blunder which has been committed by their irritable and short-sighted advocates. As it is, Lord John was right in abiding by the bill. He did his utmost to reject the amendments, and having done so, he wisely resolved to send the measure to the Upper House. Its passage there will probably be rapid. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if it obtain the Royal assent before our journal is published. A

debate of two nights occurred on the second reading, which was carried on the 22nd, by a majority of 265 to 38. There were no special points of interest in the debate. Lord Aberdeen opposed the bill, and the Duke of Wellington supported it. On the motion for going into committee on the 25th, Lord Monteagle proposed the exemption of Ireland, but his motion was lost by 82 to 17, after which its several clauses, with the preamble, were agreed to.

We shall be glad when the measure is completed. It has occupied so much of the time of Parliament, as to obstruct greatly the progress of public business; and the season is now so far advanced, that we cannot hope to make up for what has been lost. The best thing Parliament can now do is to disperse, for we greatly dread its power of mischief during the last and hurried stage of its sitting. Of the measure itself we will just say, that we hope it may accomplish its purpose. This, however, will depend on the procedure of the Roman Catholics themselves. If they are wise, they will take warning, and keep within the limits of the law. Should they do otherwise; should they listen to the counsel of imprudent advisers, and brave its penalties, they will find, to their cost, that the language of moderation will be exchanged for that of severity, and the temperate measure of a Whig statesman be made to give place to the more stringent enactment of his Tory opponent. The temper of the nation is against persecution for religion, but it is yet more determinedly hostile to the machinations and spirit of the Papacy. The interests of Rome were never so low in this kingdom as at the present hour.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM has made progress during the past month. Mr. H. Berkeley's annual motion in favor of the ballot was carried on the 8th by a majority of 87 to 50. No member spoke against it, and the Government whipper-in must clearly have been discharged from his duty on the occasion. Feeble as is the control exercised by the Cabinet, a much stronger muster than fifty might doubtless have been made, if the Administration had been concerned to outvote the member for Bristol. Mr. Hume and Mr. T. Duncombe—the latter of whom was absent—did wisely not to press the amendments of which they had given notice, so that the division, as Mr. Hume expressed it, might be 'simply on the ballot.'

A further point was gained on the following evening, when Mr. Tuffnell moved an amendment on the 'Colonial Property Qualification Bill,' the object of which was the abolition of the property qualification of members. Immediately on the amendment being seconded, the Premier virtually announced his adhesion. He objected—and there was ground for his doing so—to the mode in which it was proposed to accomplish the object, 'but,' said his lordship, 'with regard to the matter of the abolition of the property qualification, though I cannot consent to the present motion, when that subject shall be brought forward as a whole or a separate question, I shall give it my support.' It is difficult to estimate the precise significance of this and of the majority of the previous night. Lord John's speech was worthy of his best days. It breathed confidence in the people and a generous sympathy. We are willing, therefore, to hope the best, and trust that

the ballot, and the abolition of a property qualification, are to be two points of the Reform Bill of 1852. Let reformers, however, be vigilant, without being mistrustful. Implicit confidence is prevented by what has recently passed; but our just expectations are now enforced by his lordship's position, and the imminency of a general election. The necessity for further reform is strikingly shown in the retirement of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey from the representation of Arundel. Conceal the matter as we may, wrap it up in whatever phraseology, the facts are obviously these:—the Earl was the representative of his father the Duke of Norfolk, and having, in the matter of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, acted contrary to his policy, is now required to resign. The case has occurred opportunely, and will not be forgotten next year.

NATIONAL EDUCATION WAS THE SUBJECT of a brief, but very significant conversation in the Lower House on the 11th. A vote of 150,000*l.* for the purpose of Education in England and Wales—being an increase of 25,000*l.* on that of last year—having been proposed, Lord John Russell made a general statement of the past distribution of the grant, and of the results, as he apprehended them, of the proceedings taken. In 1833, 20,000*l.* was voted for educational purposes, but this amount has been gradually increased, and is now clearly in the way of being further, and to a large extent, augmented. Believing, as we do, that the education of a nation is not within the province of Parliament, and that the benefits resulting from its being so undertaken are apparent and temporary only, and are more than counterbalanced by the permanent mischiefs which result, we cannot but regard the educational vote as vicious in principle and highly pernicious in operation. The member for Oldham naturally expressed a hope that the Government would proceed yet further, when the Premier remarked, '*I look forward to the establishment of a system of national education—and I think what we are doing at present tends in that direction.*' These words should not be forgotten. They do not surprise us. We have always regarded the present plan as merely tentative, but we have not had—if our memory do not fail us—so unambiguous and frank a declaration before. Mr. Ewart was, of course, delighted with the assurance, and Mr. Hume joined in encouraging the Whig Premier to carry out his views. It is strange that the Radicals lend themselves so zealously to Government in this matter. That they do so, is proof of their short-sightedness, and incompetency to the position they aspire to; and, in conjunction with their centralizing policy, must ever prevent their being received as popular leaders. Six thousand seven hundred persons are already receiving Government pay as schoolmasters, pupil-teachers, &c.; and this number is to be indefinitely increased as the theory of our educationists is carried out. The influence of Government will thus be spread throughout the land, the modern system of ruling by patronage instead of brute force will prevail amongst us, and English liberty, which has survived many storms, will be exposed to a more subtle and dangerous foe than the iron despotism of Strafford, or the priestly machinations of Laud. The grossest ignorance on the facts of the

case yet prevails amongst our senators, as may be seen in the assertion of Mr. Fox, that voluntary efforts are now proved to be inadequate to the work to be done. So far from this being the case, we maintain that the voluntary system is not only equal to, but is in the very course of supplying the education required. It is doing this naturally, and healthfully, and without expense, while the opposite system—that for which our Humes, Ewarts, Foxes, and Cobdens plead—threatens to eat out the heart of English liberty, by spreading the net-work of Government influence over the land. For a brief period, a National System may produce larger and more apparent results: but in the long-run, voluntary effort will be a hundred-fold more useful.

THE PARLIAMENTARY GRANT TO POOR PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS IN ENGLAND AND WALES is at length doomed. The renewal of the vote was submitted on the 17th; but prior to its coming on, some members of the House, unfavorable to the Grant, had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to induce him to refrain from proposing it. The Chancellor, as we have reason to believe, requested that the vote might pass this year, and pledged himself, in that case, not to propose it again. The gentlemen in question wisely acceded to this, and the 'Times' of the 18th consequently reports, that on this vote being taken, 'the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that objections had been stated so forcibly to the item for Protestant Dissenting Ministers in England, that it was not intended to propose the vote next year, though he hoped it would be agreed to on the present occasion.'

In this result we unfeignedly rejoice, and we tender our thanks to the Anti-state-church Association, through whose agency principally it has been effected. For many years, resolutions condemnatory of the Grant have been adopted by the leading Dissenting bodies of the kingdom: these have been repeated in every variety of form, all embodying the principle avowed in January, 1834, by the united Committee of the Ministers and Deputies of the Three Denominations in and about London,—'That the practice of receiving public money is inconsistent with the principles of Protestant Dissenters.' Still the vote was continued; resolutions and memorials were set at naught, and the Premier, somewhat tauntingly, assured Dissenters 'that so long as their ministers would receive the money, it should be paid them.' In 1848, the Anti-state-church Association applied to Mr. Charles Lushington, to divide the House against the Grant, and that intelligent and liberal senator responded to the request. The division has since been repeated annually, and the numbers have been, in 1848, for the Grant 60, and against it 28; in 1849, for 52, and against 33; and in 1850, for 147, and against 72.

The history of the Grant has clearly shown that it is relinquished with regret. Could it have been continued with any show of decency, it would still have been inflicted on us; but a general election is drawing on, and Lord John, as a wise man, is preparing his forces. We now owe to the discretion of his lordship what ought to have been ceded years ago to our petitions and memorials. But we rejoice in the issue, come how it may. Our opponents will no longer be able

to taunt us with inconsistency, or to vindicate their own receipt of public money by our example. It is due to our protest against the appropriation of public funds to religious bodies, that our own hands should be clean in the matter, and this they will henceforth manifestly be.

THE OATH OF ABJURATION BILL has been again rejected by the Lords. This is much as we expected. In our June number, after stating the small majority by which the second reading was carried in the Commons, we remarked, 'We fear the fate of the measure in the Upper House.' The majority was only 25; and it was not to be expected that the Lords would defer to such a division. Unfortunately for the ultimate success of the measure, the second reading took place on the 1st of May, when several members were absent through the fatigue encountered at the Crystal Palace. The opponents of the bill cautiously avoided a subsequent division, and it went, therefore, to the Lords with a much smaller majority than that of last year. Under such circumstances, it was not difficult to predict its fate. The second reading of the bill was moved by the Lord Chancellor on the 17th, and was supported, amongst others, by the Earl of Carlisle and the Archbishop of Dublin, in speeches pregnant with meaning, and deserving of most serious attention. Dr. Whately contended for the right of electors to choose whomsoever they pleased to represent them in Parliament, affirming that this right belonged to them 'as British subjects, and still more as Christians, and as followers of Him who declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and who disavowed all connexion with political ascendancy and political power, and with any desire to set up or overthrow temporal government.' Lord Shaftesbury was the most able opponent of the bill, and the straits to which he was reduced clearly illustrate the wretchedness of his cause. We regret to hear so estimable a man giving the sanction of his name to such miserable logic and theology as the following:—'It has been said they (oaths) did not keep out Bolingbroke, Gibbon, and others, and thus their value is denied; but how often have I heard their strength denounced in excluding Roman Catholics, and now Jews! But, surely, in quoting the oaths of Bolingbroke and Gibbon, you take a very imperfect view of the oaths sworn at this table. They are not simply the personal assurance of the individual, but the declaration of the national sentiment. The nation cannot swear and profess, it therefore does so by its representatives. Bolingbroke and Gibbon took the oath and jeopardized their own souls, but they bore a public testimony, and yielded to the principle of the nation.' On a division, the bill was rejected by a majority—including proxies—of 36; the numbers being 108 for, and 144 against it.

On the 18th, Mr. Alderman Salomons appeared at the bar of the Lower House to take the oaths as member for Greenwich; and having requested to be sworn on the Old Testament, 'as binding on his conscience,' he took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and proceeded with that of abjuration until he came to the words, 'on the true faith of a Christian,' which he omitted. He was then ordered to withdraw, and the farther consideration of the matter was at length adjourned to Monday, the 21st. On that evening Mr. Salomons took his seat as a

member of the House, and joined in three of the votes, when every effort was made to induce the Government to institute legal proceedings against him. Lord John, however, refused to commit himself on this point. He evidently dreads a court of law, where the issue would be much more doubtful than in St. Stephen's; while the member for Greenwich and his friends challenge his lordship to an investigation of the legal question. On the 22nd the Premier moved—'That David Salomons, Esq., is not entitled to vote in this House, or to sit in this House during any debate, until he shall take the oath of abjuration in the form appointed by law;' on which a long and somewhat acrimonious discussion ensued. Several divisions occurred, and the debate on the resolution was ultimately adjourned to the 25th, and on the following day to Monday the 28th. In the meantime, enthusiastic meetings have been held in London and Greenwich, and a thorough determination evinced to stand by the men of their choice. The question must be settled, it cannot remain in its present state.

THE CLERGY AND THEIR ADHERENTS ARE CALLING FOR THE REVIVAL OF CONVOCATION. This is the demand of the day, and many seem to imagine that it will be a panacea for all the evils which the Church is suffering. That there are numerous and most important divisions in the Church, cannot be denied. Recent events have placed the fact beyond question. One class of Churchmen anathematizes another. Their differences are radical, and the animosities engendered have rarely been paralleled, and never surpassed. The hierarchy is, in truth, a perfect Babel, and nothing restrains the violence of its members but the controlling agency of the State. Once remove this, and such a scene of strife would be exhibited as would constitute the scandal of Christendom. Many good Churchmen, however, think otherwise. The clergy formerly met in Convocation for the consideration of matters pertaining to the hierarchy. No meeting, however, for the transaction of Church business has now been held for 150 years. This period has sufficed for men to forget the evils of such assemblies; while the notions of Church power, prevalent on many hands, lead some to conclude that the re-assembling of Convocation would be the speediest and most effectual way of settling the questions which are agitated. The clergy have obviously a class interest in this view, and they have endeavoured most industriously to diffuse it. Many are influenced by their representations, and others, on an erroneous application of a sound principle, have lent them support.

Out of this state of things, a highly important debate has arisen in the House of Lords. On the 11th, Lord Redesdale, in a speech of considerable length, endeavoured to show the necessity for Convocation, and to remove the objections which lie against it. His speech was, in our judgment, an elaborate failure. Indeed, as the Marquis of Lansdowne remarked, it was 'in a great degree admitted by the noble lord himself, that it was *only by entirely altering the constitution of that body* (Convocation) *that it could be made to answer, and successfully accomplish the objects* which the noble lord had in view; viz., by public and continued discussion, to provide for the government of the Church and the settlement of questions of doctrine.' It is only, therefore, in words

that Convocation is called for. What is wanted is, not the revival of an old institute, but the creation of a new one, which would free the Church from the control of the State, and leave to its clergy the framing of its canons and determination of its doctrines.

The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke clearly and strongly against the proposition, affirming that such meetings would be injurious to the Church itself, and would foment, rather than allay, its contentions. If, said the Primate, 'the assembling of Convocation were to end in the reconciliation of some conflicting rubrics, or in supplying the deficiency of others, or in the change of a few obsolete words or questionable phrases, the result would be little worth the cost of production. It would be justly *Quid dignem tanto sacrat hic promisso hiatu*. Thus far, then, you disappoint; go farther, and you excite. If more were attempted, and the doctrine of the Prayer-Book were touched, even with the slightest hand, a flame would be lighted up from one end of the country to the other. Where we have now a smothered fire, hotter perhaps than is agreeable, but still manageable, we should raise a conflagration which it would require all her Majesty's prerogative to extinguish. Suppose, then, the Liturgy untouched, and nothing more attempted than what we know to be desired by many members of the Church—the issuing a declaration which should contradict a recent decision of the Privy Council, and defining the effect of baptism more clearly than it is defined in our Articles—would peace follow? Can we suppose that this would prove a healing measure?' The Bishops of London and Oxford supported the views of Lord Redesdale—the former asserting, 'that on questions of doctrine, it had always been a part of the discipline of the Church to have the decision of the bishops, or, at least, to give them a veto;' and the latter claiming for his Church 'to be the representative of the apostolical communion which assembled in synod at Jerusalem.' How grave men, in a grave assembly, can utter such *stuff*, we know not. They can have little respect for their auditors, or must be themselves strangely ignorant and infatuated. Were men, on any other subject, to talk such nonsense as they do on matters of religion, they would be replied to by contemptuous laughter.

The debate was, evidently, a mere feeler; it was not intended to lead to any immediate result. Its purport was accomplished in the opinions it elicited; and Lord Redesdale was, therefore, content to move for a copy of a petition. We have not, however, done with the subject, but shall hear more of it in future sessions. It forms part of the new programme on which the clerisy and their adherents will take their stand, and our rulers must be prepared to deal with it. Is Lord John Russell so prepared? We incline to think he is. There has, it is true, been a good deal of coquetting between him and the bishops lately; but when the question is reduced to the narrow ground which is now being assumed by many Churchmen, the Whig statesman surely will not forget the lessons of history, or be wanting in fidelity to his country. If the hierarchy is to manage its own affairs, let it be first dispossessed of the national resources now entrusted to its care. So long as it is content to receive State-pay, it must submit to State-control. Such a proposition as that

of Lord Redesdale is most inopportune just now, as the dignitaries of the Church are not in the best possible odour.

THE PAST MONTH HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE TIME FOR THE BISHOPS. It will be long remembered by members of the Episcopal bench, and ought to cover them with humiliation and shame. We do not imagine that the present bishops are worse than their predecessors, or than most other men would be, if placed in their circumstances, and surrounded by their temptations. What we complain of is, that a system should be elaborated, which renders it almost impossible for a man to retain his virtue in connexion with a mitre; that he should be surrounded with the most seductive temptations; and that, as if his failure were the primary object of the arrangement, the force of these temptations should be aggravated by the legal pleas which they are competent to urge. It is a cruel, as well as a debasing system, which involves all this, and we charge the delinquencies now proved against the system itself, rather than the individual bishops concerned. The worst part of the whole is, that the enormities disclosed have been perpetrated under the cloak of religion. The temporalities of the Church are sacred; for the laity to touch them is sacrilege; they are consecrated to a divine end, and cannot be alienated without impiety. Such are the views broached by our Churchmen, and yet it is now proved, beyond all doubt, that the dignitaries of the Church—the bishops especially—have been recklessly, and without shame, enriching themselves at the cost of the Church. There has been a perfect scramble after wealth; money has been the god of their idolatry; and the scruples which would have deterred others have been put aside and despised by them. The words used by Mr. Horsman, on the 17th, may have been indiscreet, but they were true; the wisdom of uttering them may be doubted, but the description they give is strictly correct; the picture is a revolting one, it is nevertheless life-like. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Horsman and Sir B. Hall for having dragged the matter to light. Few are aware of the labor involved in their inquiries, or of the odium they involve. The mal-practices of a bishop cannot be exposed without rousing the anger of many, and few terms are too opprobrious to be applied to such as have sufficient courage to undertake the task. All honor be to the gentlemen we have named. They are not Dissenters,—let the country mark that; their object is the purification of their Church—but it is an Augæan stable, the cleansing of which exceeds their power. Much time has been occupied in both Houses in defence of the bishops; but as yet, their advocates have not shaken the case against them.

The occurrence of such debates is a sign of the times; it proves the existence of a state of public feeling vastly different from what formerly prevailed. With equal explicitness, but with greatly augmented power, they counsel the bishops, in the language of the late Earl Grey, 'to set their house in order.' The eyes of the nation are upon them; their wrong doing is known to all; the veneration in which they were formerly held is gone; superstitious reverence for Episcopal functions is known only to churchwardens and old ladies; whilst a searching inquiry is demanded into their administration of public property, and

an exposure of their mal-practices is threatened. Men are no longer concerned, through love or through fear, to throw a cloak over their misdeeds. The following statement—and it is all we can find room for—has been printed by a morning paper in the interest of the Church. It compares the incomes of the English bishoprics, as settled in 1837, with the sums actually received in 1850, as reported by the bishops themselves, in a return just laid before Parliament:—

ASSIGNED IN 1837.	£	RECEIVED IN 1850.	£
Canterbury	15,000	Canterbury	15,000
York	10,000	York, 1849	19,217
		" 1850	9,457
		(Paid to Commissioners, 3,750 <i>l.</i>)	
London	10,000	London	19,895
Durham	8,000	Durham	38,619
		(Paid to Commissioners, 11,200 <i>l.</i>)	
Winchester	7,000	Winchester	28,388
St. Asaph and Bangor	5,200	St. Asaph	6,355
		(Paid to Commissioners, 1,300 <i>l.</i>)	
		Bangor	6,163
Bath and Wells	5,000	Bath and Wells	6,971
Carlisle	4,500	Carlisle	4,324
Chester	4,500	Chester	2,725
Chichester	4,200	Chichester	5,319
		(Paid to Commissioners, 650 <i>l.</i>)	
St. David's	4,500	St. David's	5,029
Ely	5,500	Ely, 1849	9,223
		" 1850	4,223
		(Paid to Commissioners, 3,000 <i>l.</i>)	
Exeter	5,000	Exeter	1,919
Gloucester and Bristol	5,000	Gloucester and Bristol	4,170
Hereford	4,200	Hereford	4,468
Lichfield	4,500	Lichfield	6,034
Lincoln	5,000	Lincoln	4,961
Llandaff	4,200	Llandaff	4,398
		Manchester	4,200
Norwich	4,500	Norwich	7,271
Oxford	5,000	Oxford	6,402
Peterborough	4,500	Peterborough	4,456
Ripon	4,500	Ripon	4,770
Rochester	5,000	Rochester	4,607
Salisbury	5,500	Salisbury	6,128
Worcester	5,000	Worcester, 1849	12,813
		" 1850	5,430
		(Paid to Commissioners, 1,100 <i>l.</i>)	

THE AFFAIRS OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE were brought before the Upper House on the 15th, by the Earl of Derby, who moved, that certain papers relating to that Colony, which had been presented to Parliament, should be referred to a select committee. His lordship, of course, repudiated all personal and party views, but it was impossible to distinguish between these and the end he contemplated. There had, indeed, been so much mismanagement at the Cape—the Colonial Secretary has committed such grave blunders, and the officials in the colony have been so solicitous to imitate his example—that it would

have been impossible to deal truthfully with the subject without seriously implicating Earl Grey. This was felt on all sides of the House, and hence the irritableness and vehemence of the Colonial Minister. As one of the daily papers remarked, he took up the question 'as a purely personal one, and spared no devices, no subterfuges, to obtain a verdict in his favor.' The result of the division was a very narrow escape. In a House of 142, the Secretary for the Colonies obtained a majority of six only, and that, too, after every means had been employed to swell the ranks of his supporters. The numbers on the division were, 68 for, and 74 against, the motion.

'That the vote should have run so close,' says the 'Daily News,' 'is not surprising: on both sides, the voters were struggling between conflicting motives. The supporters of the Earl of Derby were divided between their eagerness to deal a blow to the Whig Minister, and their reluctance to abet the cause of self-government and free representative institutions in the colonies; and it is but charity to suppose that the Whig or Liberal peers were in like manner divided between their disinclination to give a victory to the Protectionist Tories, and their dislike of the despotic doings at the Cape.'

THE PEACE CONGRESS HELD ITS FIFTH SESSION at Exeter Hall on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th; and we convey a very inadequate conception of its character and magnitude when we say, that it exceeded the anticipations of its most sanguine friends. The former meetings of the advocates of peace have worn down hostility and rebuked laughter. The thing is no longer to be tabooed. It has passed through its earliest and most dangerous stage, has outlived contempt, ridicule, and hatred, and now stands before the nations with the dignity, and more than the explicitness, of an oracle. Men who once laughed at it are now looking serious, and the 'Times' will soon pronounce it to be 'a great fact.' The large hall was filled by an attentive and deeply-interested audience, and men from all parts of Europe and America were present to bear witness to the wide diffusion and rapid growth of the 'good cause.' The Archbishop of Dublin had been invited to take the chair, and deliberated on the matter for two days before he declined the honor. A worthy substitute was found in Sir David Brewster, than whom the nation could not have furnished a man of greater weight or of more enduring lustre. The progress of the Peace cause is unexampled. It has risen to its present altitude with marvellous rapidity, and will soon take rank amongst the *practical* questions on which the judgment of mankind is fixed. We were glad to find that the attention of the Congress was early directed to the position and responsibility of the pulpit in reference to the Peace question. This was wise; and the speeches delivered by Mr. James, of Birmingham, and Mr. Brock, of London, were at once worthy of the theme, and eminently suited to promote the object sought. Referring to the supporters of the movement, our contemporary, the 'Nonconformist,' says:—'Elsewhere we print a list of twenty-four M.P.'s who have given their adhesion to the Peace cause—comprising not a few tried and able men. Literature and science in this country present a Brewster, a Carlyle, a Jerrold, a Babbage, and a Mackay, besides not a few conductors of the periodical press—abroad, a Hum-

boldt, a Liebig, a Cormenin, a Girardin, a Victor Hugo, a Bodenstedt, and a Sumner. Religion gives its sanction in the direct presence of two hundred ministers of the gospel, of all denominations, including such absentees as the Archbishop of Paris, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Abbé Duguerry, and Pastor Cocquerel. Statesmen are represented by the members of our Legislature, who attended the sittings of the Congress, by a Lamartine and a St. Hilaire, and many foreign senators. Magistrates, municipal authorities, bankers, merchants, commercial associations, professors of colleges, the professions, shopkeepers, and the working classes, had each their representatives in this truly comprehensive assembly.'

Such an assembly is specially appropriate in 1851, when the nations of the earth are meeting in our Capital as brethren, united by common sympathies, and having common interests. GOD BLESS ALL NATIONS, is the appropriate motto of that beautiful temple in which all people are learning to subdue their malignant passions, and to cultivate the arts of peace and the charities of an enlightened brotherhood. The Exhibition and the Peace Congress are emanations of the same spirit. They indicate a new and better dispensation than that which has hitherto prevailed, and are entitled to the best service of all humane and religious men.

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